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No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

AUTUMN SUNSET.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CLARA DOTY.

Each tree-top waved a crimson crest,
A burning belt bound every spire,
As on the hearthstone of the west
The evening lit its glowing fire.

The clouds seemed backwardly to gaze
Upon the earth, as one would turn
From his own cheerful parlor-blaze,
To watch the street-lamps dimly burn.

Through the still shadows dropping down
Upon the water's waveless hush,
The leaves, frail barques of red and brown,
Sailed laden with the sunset's blush.

The fire died out; then chill winds blew
The clouds like ashes grey and white
About the sky; in dark and dew,
Came down the gloomy autumn night.

THE LADY LISLE.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MAJOR'S AMBASSADOR.

Acting according to orders, Mr. Gilbert Arnold informed his wife, a few days after the Major's visit to the lodge, that he was getting sick of "this here hole" (designating thus the pretty Gothic cottage, with its peaked roofs, ornamented chimneys, and diamond-paned casements), and that he should go off to America, where he might be thought as good a man as other folks, and not have his youthful foibles chucked in his face every day of his life. This elegant remark was a hit at the benevolent curate, who looked upon Mr. Gilbert Arnold as a pet or prize penitent, and who brought him daily tracts of an evangelical nature, upon which the reformed poacher would afterwards discourse with sanctimonious unction. "Yes," said Gilbert, after a long conversation with his wife, who cried bitterly at the thought of leaving her kind mistress and her comfortable home, to brave the perils of a voyage to America with by no means too attentive a husband—"yes," he said, "you've no call to snivel, and you've no call to make this here shindy, for, whether you like it, or whether you don't, we're off to New York in three weeks from to-day; so you'd better put on your bonnet, and go up to the great house and tell my lady you're agoing to leave her, and she may find somebody else to live in this here hole, and be trampled on by my fine Captain's shiny boots." Gilbert Arnold insisted on speaking of this operation as an understood part of his service, though he had never met with anything but indulgence from either Mrs. Walsingham or her husband.

Rachel, therefore, shed no more tears, or, if she did, she shed them in silence, and away from the searching eyes of her husband, who sat by the fire, smoking, and watching her as she busied herself with the preparations for the journey.

To a person who had never been out of the county of Sussex, the idea of a voyage to America was actually appalling. Poor Rachel grew pale with terror at the mere thought of what lay before her, but she was so much afraid of her surly husband, that, perhaps, had he proposed their hanging themselves one morning, she would have scarcely dared to oppose the scheme.

The three weeks flew quickly by. Rachel bade good-by to her mistress, and she and Gilbert and the boy, and their goods and chattels, were conveyed in a cart to the railway station.

It was dark when the train reached London, and as it entered the station, Gilbert saw upon the platform, where the carriage stopped, a man whose face he knew. This man was Mr. Salamons, Major Varney's Jewish valet.

"Oh, you're true to your time, are you?" he said, as Arnold alighted with his wife and boy. "Look after your things. Get your luggage on to that cab, and then come here to me, and I'll give you the address of the house you're to drive to."

"You'd better come along with us," said Gilbert, "we're strangers in this here place, and as I should think, by the looks of it, everybody was just took stark, staring mad, I'd rather have some one against me as knows the neighborhood."

Mr. Salamons' black eyes twinkled mischievously as he looked at Mr. Gilbert Arnold.

The lodge-keeper, dressed in a thick pilot coat, two or three sizes too small for him, and with a striped comforter knotted round his throat, a rabbit-skin cap upon his head, and a bundle in his hand, looked by no means the most elegant of travellers.

"You'll improve, my friend," thought Major Varney's valet, "now we've taken you in hand, you'll get a little science knocked into you before long. As it is, you've all the will, but none of the talent, to be one of us; but it'll come, it'll come!"

Gilbert Arnold gathered together his luggage, pushed his wife into a cab, and flung his son and heir in after her, as if that young gentleman had been a bundle; and then returning to Mr. Salamons, who was reading the advertisement of a new fish-sauce upon the platform, said to him with manly brevity—

"Now then!"

"Now then, what, Lord Chesterfield?" asked the valet.

"This here direction, and quick about it for I wants to get a drink of beer."

"Oh, you wants to get a drink of beer. Very well, here's the address. Give it to the cabman, and when you get to the house, give him half-a-crown, and if he asks for more, slam the door in his face. I shall look round before ten o'clock," added Mr. Salamons, as Arnold hesitated; "so cut off."

Having said which, Major Varney's factotum turned his back upon the lodge-keeper, and strolled out of the station.

"Well," he said to himself, as he crossed London Bridge, "that's a queer specimen of Major Yellow-whiskers' tools, any how. And I'm blest if I can see the game my chief's driving at; but I suppose I'm safe in acting up to orders. Our great commercial firm has evidently started a new spec., and time must show whether it's worth anything to the house."

The cab drove the worthy Gilbert and his family to a house in an obscure street out of the Waterloo road. They alighted, and were received by a pale-faced woman in a black lace head-dress, who showed them into a tawdrily furnished parlor, which she said had been taken by a dark-haired party, for a party from Yorkshire, by the name of Green.

Now, as the Arnolds neither answered to the name of Green, nor came from Yorkshire, Rachel was about to pronounce that there must certainly be some mistake, but Gilbert stopped with a frown, and said that it was all right, and the best thing the landlady could do, would be to get him some beer, and something to eat.

Beer, and something to eat, in the shape of fat mutton chops fried in their own grease, and with hot water poured over them by way of gravy, being provided, Gilbert Arnold seated himself at the ricketty little table, and ate a tremendous meal. After which, he politely suggested that his wife and child had better take a bit. He smoked his clay pipe in silence, while Mrs. Arnold and the boy emptied the dish of the fat ends of the chops, and drank the dregs of the porter, and then told them they had better get to bed at once, as that chap they met at the station was going to drop in, and he wouldn't want them spying and listening about the place. Rachel took her boy by the hand, and retired submissively to a bed-room on the floor above, and Gilbert, being left to himself, sent for another pot of beer, and sat smoking and drinking, till, just as the clocks were striking ten, he heard a loud double knock at the street door, which he got up and opened himself.

He found Mr. Salamons standing upon the threshold.

"I hope you've got a good fire," said that gentleman, as he came into the little parlor, "for this night's cold enough to freeze a man's nose off his face."

The hook-nosed valet had acquired a good deal of his master's free and easy manner; he flung himself into the arm-chair in which Mr. Arnold had been seated, drew it close to the fire, and put his feet on the fender.

"Now, then," he said, "listen to me. It's a rule of mine, and of the person who employs me, never to say a word that can be conveniently left unsaid; therefore, if you don't look sharp, you won't catch my meaning. It's likely that you'll be wanted—or perhaps it's your wife that will be wanted, or, may be, your boy that will be wanted; any hows, it's the wish of the person who employs me that you shall stop in this house till he makes other arrangements for you. You'll ask no questions, and if other people question you, you'll answer none. You'll receive every week a post-office order for one pound ten, payable to John Green, by which name you'll pass for the present, from Alfred Salamons. That's as much as you'd earn at any trade that you're good for, and you'll have a lazy life, instead of a hard working one; so you've reason to be content. By-and-by, you'll get more; and if you mind your P's and Q's, you may be a rich man some of these days. If anybody asks who you are, why, you're a shoemaker, or a carpenter, or a blacksmith, or anything you like, out of work. If they ask you how you contrive to live, why, you've a rich brother, who's up in the world, and who sends you a weekly income. So far, that's easy enough. Now, then, for two conditions upon which your safety (always keeping in mind Josiah Bird,) depends. First and foremost, take care of that boy of yours. Watch him as you'd watch a prince of the blood royal, if you had the charge of him. Let harm come to him, and harm will come to you. That's condition number one. Condition number two is silence. If ever it comes to my ears, or to my employer's ears, that you've so much as breathed his name, or even my name, to any mortal creature, you'll hear something about Josiah Bird. And now, good night. Show us a light, and open the street door."

Mr. Salamons was so rapid in his delivery of this speech, that the bewildered lodge-keeper was utterly unable to interrupt him by a single question, even if he had known what question to ask, and before he had in any way recovered from his bewilderment, the Major's valet had turned the corner of the street, and was lost in the Waterloo Road.

"Thirty shillings a week," muttered Gilbert, as he returned to his parlor, and drained the pewter pot of the last dregs of beer; "that's starvation wages enough for a fine gentleman like Major Varney to offer a fellow; but he knows that about me that might hang me, may be, so I must take whatever he likes to offer. Curse him!" With which concluding and very favorite ejaculation, Mr. Arnold retired to bed. To bed, but by no means to sleep; only to toss about all night, listening to the noises in the Waterloo Road, or to fall into fitful slumbers, in which he dreamed that he was standing, in the cold morning light, in a wood near Sevenoaks, hearing a lark sing high above his head, and looking down at the ashen and blood-dabbled face of a dead man.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CAPTAIN'S FACE CHANGES IN THE TWILIGHT.

Fourteen years had passed since the disappearance of the little Baronet, and during the whole of that period Claribel Walsingham and her husband had remained in undisturbed possession of Lislewood Park. Sir Lancelot's agent, a solicitor resident in Lislewood, collected the rents of the estate, and remitted them to the Baronet's bankers at Florence. It was to the simple inhabitants of the little village as if the house of Lislewood were indeed extinct, now that its chief no longer resided on the estate. Fourteen years—quiet and monotonous years, which had glided by, unmarked by change, except that, indeed, the birth of another son had come to console the unhappy lady, and the light of bright baby eyes had shone upon the darkened room, in which the bereaved mother mourned for her first-born. Four months after the loss of Sir Rupert, the Lislewood doctors had come to the Captain—sitting, pale and anxious, by the fire in the library—to tell him that he had a son, a noble boy, with dark brown eyes, like his own; a boy, who by-and-by grew up to be the delight of the great house, whose splendor had been so desolate before; a boy, whose childish laughter echoed through the long corridors, whose merry voice rang, fresh and clear, under the spreading branches of the stately oaks; a mischievous, noisy, brave, frank, reckless boy; very much like what the Captain had been in those early days when he fell over head and ears in love with Miss Claribel Merton. The Indian officer loved his son with an intense devotion; he followed him about, with admiring eyes, as the boy ran in and out of the library windows, while his father lounged in an easy chair, smoking his eternal cheroots. He interested himself in all his son's childish amusements; his pony, his gun, the boat in which he rowed about the ornamental sheet of water. He was never tired of hearing him talk, never weary of riding with him about the bare Sussex downs. When the boy went to Eton, the father grieved more at the separation than Claribel herself. "If anything should happen to him, if anything should happen, Claribel!" he said. These ominous words filled the mother's heart with such wild terror, that she would have sent an express after the boy, to bring him back to Lislewood, had not the Captain prevented her.

"He is in the hands of Providence, Claribel. I could not save your other son, though, heaven knows I was honest in my love for him."

So the boy went to Eton, where his handsome face, his brilliant talents, and his frank, generous, daring, joyous nature made him generally beloved; and the Captain and his wife were once more alone in the great house at Lislewood.

The boy had been away for two years, returning only for his vacations, to the arrival of which periods the father always looked forward with childish impatience. The servants at the Park began to see a change in the appearance of the handsome Indian officer. He had grown stout, and his thick, dark hair was streaked with gray. He stooped as he walked, and leaned every day more heavily upon his gold-handled cane. At five-and-forty years of age, he looked almost an old man; while his fair-haired wife scarcely seemed a year older than on the day of her second marriage. Major Varney and his beautiful wife had returned to India at the expiration of that officer's furlough, and Arthur Walsingham had heard very seldom from his golden-whiskered friend. The lodge at the great gates was all the pleasanter to look at, now that the awkward shadow of the skulking poacher no longer fell across the little garden path. A red-faced little man, who had failed as a butcher in the village of Lislewood, in consequence of a soft-hearted inability to refuse credit to plausible insolvents, now kept the lodge, and half a dozen of rosy faced children looked through the gate out of which little James Arnold's pale face had peered years before.

In a June twilight, the Captain and his wife sat together in the large drawing-room. He lounged in a low, easy chair, by one of the windows. He was smoking, as usual, and looked, with dreamy and thoughtful eyes, out upon the wide sweep of garden and park that lay before him. Mrs. Walsingham was seated at some distance from him, with her head bent over a piece of embroidery. He finished his cigar, and then, sighing heavily, turned his head towards the sofa upon which his wife was seated.

"Claribel," he said, "throw away that foolish embroidery, and tell me how long we have been married."

"Fourteen years, last February."

"Fourteen years! And if your son, Sir Rupert, had lived, he would have come of age—"

"Next month! His birthday was on the third of July."

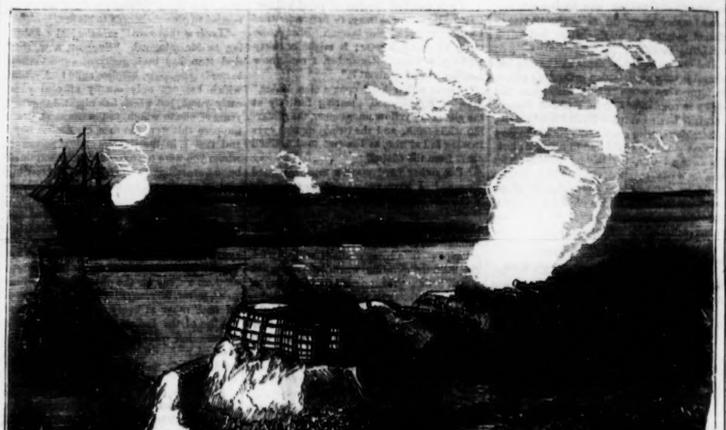
"The third of July, and this is the fourth of June. In twenty nine days from this time he would have come of age, had he lived, poor child!"

Mrs. Walsingham put away her work, with a sigh.

"I do wrong to talk to you of this, Claribel; it makes you unhappy—does it not? But I feel to-night a strange inclination to talk of these things, and to review my past life—to look back, and see what a bitter mistake it has been, from first to last. I wonder, as I remember what a self-willed, reckless creature of impulse I have been—I wonder at the energies wasted, the talents misapplied, the shipwreck, and ruin, the sorrow and disgrace—"

"Arthur, Arthur!"

"Claribel, we have lived together for nearly fifteen years, and never once during that period have you asked me what this cloud is, which has overshadowed all my life; not once have you questioned me as to this dreary secret, the influence of which has made me a gloomy and neglectful husband, a discontented and unhappy man!"



FEDERAL VESSELS DRIVING BACK THE IRON-PLATED REBEL STEAMER YORKTOWN, IN ITS ATTEMPT TO RUN THE BLOCKADE, NEAR NEWPORT NEWS.

The above engraving, from a sketch in the Illustrated News, represents a recent attempt of the iron-plated steamer Yorktown to run the blockade. The rebels are very anxious to get her past Fortress Monroe, and our forces just about as anxious to keep her where she is. The Yorktown is the vessel in the distance in the engraving.

"I have never dared to ask you, Arthur!"

"Poor child! Better that it should be so, Claribel; better, far better, that I should die with my story untold. You will bury me in the Lislewood vault, will you not, Claribel? and you will put up a marble tablet in the chancel, setting forth that I have been the best of husbands, and the most faultless of men. Will you do as much for me as that, my fair-haired darling?"

"Arthur, how can you talk like this?"

"Because, Claribel, I have long had the conviction that I should not live to the age of fifty, and because that conviction is stronger upon me to-night than it has ever been yet."

"Arthur!"

Mrs. Walsingham rose from her seat, with a look of alarm in her face, and crossed the room to the window where the Captain sat.

"Go back to your place, and sit down, Claribel. If I am to leave you soon, if the ringing noises which I so often have in my ears, the painful lights which glance before my eyes, the dull, heavy pain in my head, the strange, choking sensation in my throat—if all these symptoms, which are worse to-night than usual, mean what I think they mean, I shall most likely die very suddenly. Be a tender mother to my boy, Claribel, and remember me with pity when I am gone."

"Arthur, Arthur, how cruel you are! you have been suffering all this; you have had all these alarming symptoms, and you have never consulted a physician; you, who know how precious your life is to me."

"Is it, Claribel? What have I ever been to you but a dreary burden, a spiritless, moody wretch, a shadow upon your prosperous life, a sponge upon your fortune, an intruder in your house? Claribel, shall I tell you the story of a young fellow in my regiment, who in some things resembled myself? A melancholy story, but a painfully true one! Will you hear it?"

"Yes."

The room was half in shadow; but the setting sun shone full upon the dark face of the Captain, as he commenced his story. He did not look at his wife, but he fixed his eyes upon the purple horizon of the wood before him.

"Like myself, Claribel, this man was an orphan; a younger son of a good old Somersetshire family, with no nearer relations to help him than a half-brother of his dead father, who thought, when he sent him to Addiscombe, and got him a cadetship, that he had done all that was necessary to ensure his success in life. He went out to India, very young, very reckless, very brave, and very poor. When he sailed, he was accounted one of the handsomest lads that had ever left Addiscombe. Well, he fought, as they said, like a tiger. He won his promotion at a very early age, and returned to England, after having obtained his Captaincy. In England, he fell in love, as I did, with a woman who, after giving him enough tacit encouragement to madden him with love for her, jilted him as heartlessly as (forgive me, Claribel,) you jilted me. He left her, as I left you, a madman—desperate, furious, and despairing; only restrained from blowing out his brains by some vague idea of a cruel vengeance in the future. On his return to his regiment, he stopped at Southampton for a day or two, before the vessel which was to carry him out set sail. Others were with him as reckless, though not as unhappy, as himself. He had recourse to the coward's usual consolation—he drank furiously, and on the night of his arrival, after a dinner at which he had drunk a couple of bottles of champagne, he went with his brother officers to the theatre.

"He has often described to me, Claribel, his feelings on that night. It was past ten o'clock when he entered the dusty, half-empty boxes of the little provincial house. The drop scene was down, and the painted figures upon it reeled as he looked upon them. The handful of people in the pit swam and surged beneath him, like the densest crowd ever congregated in the largest theatre in the metropolis. The music rang in his ears, with a hideous metallic sound that seemed to drive him mad. He heard the laughter of his companions; he saw the painted faces of the women in the tier above him simpering down at the tipsy officers; and in the midst of all, he dropped his head forward upon the shabby velvet cushion before him, and fell fast asleep. When he awoke, the curtain was up, and the audience were applauding vociferously, while the orchestra played the concluding chords of the accompaniment to a song. He looked straight before him at the little stage, with its scanty row of flaring lights, and its dingy, ill-painted scenery, and saw the loveliest creature he had ever beheld in his life. I will not weary you with a long description of this woman, Claribel; enough to tell you that her beauty was of that brilliant and dazzling nature which attracts every eye, and is almost bewildering to the senses, from its glorious splendor. She was dressed in some masculine costume, with a tunic of velvet and satin, tiny boots of yellow morocco, a sword, a cap, a plume of waving

feathers, and a quantity of golden fringes, which glittered and flashed in the gaslight. In every attitude which she assumed, she made a picture which a painter might have envied, but could scarcely have achieved. She had been singing, and in the course of the piece, which was a vaudeville, she sang again. Her voice was superb; rich and powerful, flexible and highly cultivated. When my friend left the theatre, he thought that he was mad or bewitched. He rushed to his hotel and wrote her a passionate love letter. The next day he forced his way behind the scenes, and saw her in the broad glare of the morning sun. She was lovelier then, if possible, than she had been at night, for her beauty was more subdued. Oh, Claribel! this is altogether such a shameful story that I scarcely know how to tell it. Enough that this woman was a Circe, a wicked magician, who bewitched her victims with her marvellous attributes, and left them to lament her fatal beauty and her heartless soul. The young officer could see nothing but her lovely face. The vessel was to leave Southampton in three days, and on the second he fell on his knees at her feet, and implored her to marry him the next morning, in order that she might accompany him to India. Remember, Claribel, that love had nothing to do with this fresh madness. Perhaps in all his admiration of the peerless beauty of the actress, the thought which was uppermost in his mind was the desire of revenge upon the woman who had jilted him. Be it as it may, he was mad, and he rushed madly on to his ruin. He hurried up to London by express, procured a marriage license, flew back in the dead of the night to Southampton, and married the provincial actress upon the morning on which he was to sail. Leaving the church, with his bride hanging upon his arm, he met an old East Indian Colonel, whom he had known years before in Calcutta. This man was a resident in Southampton. He questioned the young officer on seeing him with his bride upon his arm, got from him the whole of the story, and then, taking him to his own house, told him—the hideous truth!

"The old man told him, Claribel, who and what this woman was, whom he had sworn at God's altar to love and honor. He told him the shame, the remorse, the misery, which this marriage must inevitably bring upon him. The young man swore, by the light in heaven, that he would never look upon the face of his wife again. He gathered together the few bank notes which he possessed, and these, with his watch and chain, his rings, and two or three other valuables, he sealed in a packet, with a few scornful lines of farewell. Having done this, and having given the packet into the hands of the old Colonel, he walked on board his ship, and sailed for Calcutta. During the voyage out he had a fever. He did see his wife again years afterwards, but she then called herself the wife of another man. He never acknowledged her, or by one word confessed that she was more to him than the most utter stranger; but he afterwards committed a crime, which placed him in the power of a villain."

"A crime!" said Claribel.

"Yes, Heaven knows how cruelly he was tempted, and how he battled with the temptation. The woman who had jilted him, to marry another man, became a widow. He had never, even in the shame and madness of his fatal marriage, ceased to love her. He returned to England, and married her; married her, knowing that he was the lawful husband of another woman, and that, at any hour, disgrace and ruin might fall upon him. In the power of a wretch, who would have wrung from him his heart's blood drop by drop, every moment of his life was blackened by fear and remorse; every smile of the woman he had deceived was a reproach to his guilty heart. Claribel, Claribel, tell me, for mercy's sake! could you have forgiven such a man? could you have forgiven him and pitied him? could you have said to him, 'Die in peace; rest in peace; I will remember how much you have loved me, and forgive you by that love?' Could you say this, Claribel?"

Mrs. Walsingham rose from her seat, pale and trembling, almost as if she would have fallen to the ground, she tottered towards the Captain, caught his head in her arms, and drew it gently upon her breast.

"Arthur," she said, in a low voice, whose tones seemed unnaturally calm, "Arthur, I forgive you. It is your own story that you have been telling me. I forgive you, my husband, I pity and I love you!"

He lifted his head from her bosom, and, in the dim summer twilight, she saw a change upon his face—an awful and a ghastly change.

"Claribel, Rupert," he gasped, with a painful effort. "I've had reason of late—to think—your boy—alive. Imeant—but 'tis too late—too late. Ask Major Varney—ask—ask—"

He tried to speak a great deal more than this, but he only uttered inarticulate and unearthly sounds, and as his wife shrieked aloud for help, he fell heavily to the ground.

The servants, who rushed into the room at the sound of Mrs. Walsingham's screams, found him lying in a heap upon the carpet, with a white foam oozing from his distorted lips. They lifted him in their arms, and carried him into his own room, while a groom galloped into Lislewood, to fetch the surgeon.

The Captain never spoke again; he lay for nearly four-and-twenty hours in an unconscious state, and, at the end of that time, expired without a groan. They had sent to London for the best advice; but the two eminent physicians who arrived at the park could do nothing that the Lislewood surgeon had not attempted before them. The Captain died, as he had often prophesied, from an attack of apoplexy.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MAJOR BEGINS TO UNWIND THE TANGLED SKEIN.

During that very summer in which Captain Arthur Walsingham, of the Honorable East India Company's Service, fell suddenly at the feet of his terrified wife in the drawing-room at Lislewood Park, a certain Mr. Joseph Slogood was delighted and instructing the small flock, congregated three times every Sunday in a tiny, stifling, ill-built and worse ventilated chapel, huddled into the corner of a narrow street out of the Old Kent Road. It had been a builder's yard, once, this chapel; it had been converted, by an adventurous but misguided speculator, into a two-penny theatre, in which dreadful men in pink fleshings and black velvet waistbands ornamented with foil paper stars, had balanced basins, and swords, and poles, and sometimes each other, for the delectation of the Old Kent Road; but it had signally failed as a theatre, and it had failed again as a shooting gallery, and it had failed again as a ball-room, and failed after that as a bazaar, till at last the builder to whom it belonged had lost temper with it, and, having a slack week, had set to work with spiteful energy, and knocked, and banged, and hammered, and sawed away at it, till he made it into a chapel, painted it a glaring white, and called it "Little Beulah."

But having built his chapel, and having furnished it with an imitation mahogany pulpit, in form very much like a wine-glass, and sticky in consistency, from repeated coats of varnish; having further divided it into small, square pews, with seats hewn out of the very hardest wood he could find in his yard; having done all this, the builder looked about him for a congregation, out of whose pockets he could be extracted, in consideration of the privilege of sitting in the hard-seated pews, immediately under a species of cucumber frame introduced into the roof, an emolument which should remunerate the speculator.

After due deliberation, the builder decided that the best way to get a congregation was first to get a preacher. For a preacher he accordingly sought, and was not long in finding what he wanted, for, in three weeks from the completion of the building, the denizens of the immediate neighborhood were startled by hearing the gruff thunder of a bass voice resounding out of the varnished wine glass. People went to hear the new preacher, and to sit in the new chapel, at first out of curiosity. Many went away disgusted before he had finished the rambling and familiar discourse which he called a sermon. Some were so malicious as to talk about blasphemy, profanity, ignorance, and vulgarity, and to say that this man should be forbidden to desecrate the Holy Word, which he pretended to teach. But, on the other hand, a few servant girls; a fat tallow-chandler, pretty well to do in the world; an elderly young lady, in the mantua-making trade; and two or three old women, with annuities, pronounced the preacher to be a great man, a new light. The elderly dressmaker and the servant girls, indeed, went so far as to call him a "pious dear."

There were, of course, numerous reports set afloat by the idle and malicious in the neighborhood of Little Beulah, as to where the builder had met with the minister of this deal and plaster tabernacle. Some said he had picked him up in the public-house; others, that he had found him fulfilling the onerous duties of supernumerary at the Victoria Theatre; others, that he had discovered him officiating as Cheap John, and had been struck with his power of lungs as displayed in that capacity; but say what they would, his enemies were soon forced to allow that Mr. Joseph Slogood, Independent minister, was an established fact, and that the quarterly rents of the hard-seated pews were beginning to fall pretty regularly into the coffers of the enterprising builder.

A fortnight after the death of Captain Arthur Walsingham, Mr. Joseph Slogood beguiled an unusually hot Sunday afternoon by an unusually long sermon. The tallow-chandler, the servant girls, the dressmaker, and the old women with annuities, sat meekly perspiring beneath the afternoon sun, glaring fiercely in through the cucumber frame above their heads. Mr. Slogood, getting warmer with every nasal period, hurled denunciation after denunciation upon the innocent bald head of the tradesman, and the smart Sunday bonnets of the servant girls. He banged the dust out of the flaring red velvet cushion, and sent it floating in sunny motes across the little chapel. He divided his sermon into heads, he subdivided those heads into other heads, he rambled, he repeated himself, he contradicted himself with inexhaustible energy. He was a gaunt, broad-shouldered man, with an habitual stoop. He had a pale, swarthy face, long dark hair, and strange light-colored eyes—eyes of a yellowish green, that changed in the sunshine like the eyes of a cat. The reader will recognize him by these ugly, suspicious, cat-like eyes. He is very much changed, however, this Mr. Joseph Slogood. He wears a black dress-coat, a great deal of white shirt front, glittering studs of mosaic gold, and an open collar, showing a good deal of blue, unshaven throat and chin; but his hands are no cleaner than they were when he smoked his clay pipe in the shadows of the lodge at Lislewood Park, and though he has a blustering, confident way, which he had not then, he has still something of the old taint upon him. He has it to-day at the close of his sermon, when he hears the door of the little chapel open, and looking towards it, sees a gentleman standing upon the threshold.

The congregation also hear the opening of the chapel door, and every head is turned to see who this audacious intruder can be, who dares to enter at such a time. He does not advance into the little aisle, but stands across the door, as if waiting for the end of Mr. Slogood's sermon. The broad glare of the summer sun shines full upon him, full upon his long yellow moustachios, his canary colored waistcoat, his gold chains and glistening ornaments, his primrose-colored gloves, his light over-coat, his shining boots, and his Malacca cane.

He looks a little older than when we saw him last, and a good deal stouter; but now, as then, from head to foot he is all gold, and glitter, and dazzle.

Mr. Joseph Slogood winds up his sermon rather abruptly. Shuffles over his last sixteen heads in less than sixteen sentences, and comes creaking down the pulpit staircase, while his clerk, a very pious youth, with red hair, the apprentice of a neighboring shoemaker, gives out homeopathic doses of a long hymn. Mr. Slogood joins the yellow-moustachioed intruder at the doorway, and follows him respectfully out of the chapel.

"So this is how you amuse yourself, Mr. ——, Mr. ——," says the stranger.

"Slogood, sir," the minister suggests.

"Good, Slogood. A new name, and a new occupation. You find the old tract-reading at Lislewood useful to you, I see. The sermon was most interesting, my good Slogood. Do they give you much for this sort of thing?"

"Little enough, sir; but it helps out the little income from—"

"From that rich brother of yours, eh, Slogood? Be so kind always to remember that I know nothing of your income. It might be thirty thousand a year; it might be thirty shillings a week. Remember, I can know nothing whatever about it."

"You're rather hard upon a man, Major," growled Mr. Slogood, glancing furtively at the glistening yellow moustaches, the glittering white teeth, and the twinkling blue eyes looking full at him, as the two men walked away from the chapel.

"I'm rather hard upon a man, my good Slogood? I have nothing whatever to do with you—I abjure all knowledge of you. Let them place you in a witness-box to-morrow, and what can you say of me? Nothing, Mr. Josiah—no, Joseph Slogood, that is my grand principle. In all my dealings with my fellow men, the question which I mentally ask myself is this, 'What could that man say of me in a witness box?' Nothing! Good—then I am safe with him. Now, my worthy friend, I should like to see that boy of yours. My servant, Salamons, tells me he's a very wonderful fellow. Let's have a look at him."

"You want to—" hesitated Mr. Slogood, this time looking very earnestly at the Major.

"I want to see the boy. For Heaven's sake, Mr. Slogood, don't look for hidden meanings in the simplest of phrases. I repeat, let me see the boy."

Mr. Slogood bowed, and, turning into a very narrow street, at the end of that in which the chapel was situated, opened the door of a small house, and walked straight into a little parlor.

A woman with very fair hair, and pinched, worn features, was busy arranging a tea-table near the window. There was no one else in the room.

"He's up stairs, Major Varney," said Mr. Slogood. "I've always kept him select, according to directions.

"Not my directions, remember," replied the Major, with a deprecatory wave of his ringed white hand. "Keep him as select as you please, but, remember, I have nothing to do with your keeping him select."

Mr. Slogood made no reply to this, but in the half obscurity of the little passage the cat-like eyes looked rather savagely at the Major, who followed his host up the narrow staircase into the back room on the first floor.

At a small table by the window sat a young man of about twenty years of age. He had a Sunday newspaper in his hand, but he was looking listlessly into the yard below, where some children were at play. Before him on the table lay two or three half-smoked, common-looking cigars, and a heap of cheap periodicals of the lowest order, crumpled and dirty. There was a pack of cards on the little mantelpiece, a box of dominoes, and a draught board, two or three old playbills, and some dirty kid gloves, which had once been white.

The boy did not look up as Mr. Slogood entered the room, but without taking his eyes from the children in the yard below, said, in a peevish, discontented voice, "Oh, it's you, is it? You've come back at last, and I suppose you're going to let me out of this hole this broiling afternoon."

Mr. Slogood was about to speak, but the Major brushed him aside with a wave of his hand.

"My dear young friend, they don't treat you well—they don't treat you well."

The dear young friend sprang from his chair with a bound, and faced the Major. His pale, sickly face lighted up at the sight of the fat, rosy cheeks and the shining, yellow moustachios.

"At last," he exclaimed—"you've come at last. I'm sick of this hole—I'm sick of all this juggling, and conjuring, and mystery. Who am I, and what am I, and what's the difference between me and other people?"

The young man's face flushed with a faint, unhealthy crimson, as he spoke. His pale blue eyes dilated, and his thin, bloodless upper lip quivered nervously. The Major watched him with a smile, nodded gently, and murmured to himself, "Salamons is very clever, Alfred Salamons is a great creature."

"Tell me," repeated the young man—"tell me, can't you? who am I, and what does it all mean?"

"Sit down, dear boy," said the Major, entreatingly. The young man obeyed, and the Major placed himself by his side at the little table. Mr. Slogood, still standing, looking on with a stupefied expression of countenance. "You ask me," said Major Varney, laying his hand affectionately upon that of the young man, which had fallen listlessly upon the table—"you ask me who you are, what you are, and what this all means. My dear boy, those three questions involve a great deal, and I am not yet in a position to answer them." (The young man shrugged his shoulders impatiently.) "But I am struggling towards that position—I am working towards it," said the Major soothingly. "The light is a long time coming, but I think I see a little glimmer in the horizon—I really think I do, dear boy."

"Bother the horizon," said the dear boy, peevishly; "why can't you give me a straight answer to a straight question? Why can't anybody give me a straight answer to a straight question? If I ask him anything," he added, pointing to Mr. Joseph Slogood, "what do I get? Why, juggling with words, and prevarication, and mystification. If I ask that Jew man, who's always hanging about here, (I like him, he's a glorious fellow!) if I ask him a question, it's the same, always the same. You're every one of you in a plot to keep me in the dark. Every one of you," he said, passionately.

The Major patted the young man's hand gently with his own. "Except me—always excepting me. I'm in no plot, poor child. How should I be in any plot? But I think I've found the clue to one, and I shall do my best to unravel it."

Mr. Slogood started, and made as if he would have spoken; the Major's sparkling blue eyes fixed themselves upon him, and seemed to glue the words to his lips.

"Look at that man!" said the Major, pointing to Mr. Slogood. "Suppose, now, that that man had been guilty of a great crime towards you, poor, helpless child! A crime which has not only cruelly affected your early youth, but which has blighted the best years of one to whom you were most dear. Suppose this were the case, my dearest boy; and that I, in the interest of that person to whom you were once so dear, am determined upon unravelling this mysterious and terrible plot, of which you, innocent child, have been the victim."

Throughout this speech the Major had not once discontinued affectionately patting the boy's hand, nor had he once removed his eyes from the face of Mr. Slogood. That worthy individual's countenance had indeed afforded a study for the physiognomist. Surprise, terror, fury, mystification, had succeeded each other at every word that fell from the lips of the Indian officer; and as Major Varney left off speaking, Mr. Slogood exclaimed, with unwonted vehemence,—"I say, hold hard there, will you! there is a slight mistake—"

Before he could utter another word, the Major arrested him by a significant gesture, and the flexible, womanly lips under the yellow moustachios slowly shaped the syllables of a name, "Jo-si-ah Bird!" Mr. Slogood slunk away to the other end of the little room, and, seating himself upon the bed, drew out a pocket Bible, and began to read.

The young man had watched all this with feverish impatience; he clutched Major Varney's wrist, and exclaimed, eagerly,—"What plot?—what is it? Tell me! tell me!"

"Not yet, dear boy; you must be patient. You must leave all in my hands. Trust in me—your friend, your preserver. It shall be my task to restore you to name and fortune; better still, my child, to restore you to the arms of a mother. All I ask is patience. We must get at this inscrutable mystery the best way we can. If that man there is to be bought, why, we must buy him." (Mr. Slogood looked up from his pocket Bible at these words.) "We shall not wish to be hard with him—far be it from us to desire to punish. All we want, is to arrive at the truth. For that end, we must be patient. Do you believe in me, dear boy?"

"Yes!" cried the boy, eagerly.

"You believe me to be your friend, your benefactor, your preserver—without whom you might rot in this dismal back bedroom—through whom you may be restored to your rights, your rank, your fortune?"

"What rights? What fortune?"

"Never mind. Do you believe all this? Yes or no!"

"Yes! yes!"

"Good; then for the present, good-bye. In a day or two, expect to see me. Now, Mr. Slogood, be so kind as to show me down stairs."

The young man caught the Major's hand in his own, and pressed it to his lips.

Mr. Slogood followed his visitor down stairs, and in the passage said, abruptly, "What does it all mean? I'm not going to be made a tool of like this! What does it mean?"

"Mischief, if you attempt to interfere with other people's plans; your advantage, if you keep your counsel, and mind the lessons Mr. Salamons will set you. You're not going to be made a tool of?" said the Major, scornfully. "Why, what are you but a tool? What have you been from first to last, but a tool—a poor, ignorant, blind, pitiful, stupid, blundering tool, with neither wit to help yourself nor others; clever enough to give trouble, and good for nothing else? Take care what you're about, and you'll be well paid for your work. Interfere with your employers, and you'll hear of Josiah Bird! Good afternoon, my worthy Slogood." The Major sauntered away through the little street. People came to the windows to see him pass; the children followed him into the Old Kent Road, and looked on with gratification while he took a Hansom's cab. He smiled benevolently at them as he rattled off, driving westward towards the afternoon sun.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A singular plant, the *drosera*, has just come to notice. It kills instantly all the flies that settle on it, and is so exceedingly sensitive that the hairs with which it is furnished will converge on the application of one 6 thousandth of a grain of ammonia, while a single hair is affected by one 64th-thousandth.

☞ A Good Shot.—At a recent trial one of Berdan's sharp-shooters hit a barrel six times in succession, shooting at a distance of one mile. Secesh will need to give that mud-sill a wide berth.

☞ "Husband, I can't express my detestation of your conduct." "Well, dear, I'm glad you can't."

☞ "Shall I have your hand?" said an exquisite to a belle, as the dance was about to commence. "With all my heart," was the soft response.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1861.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

NOTICE.

The DEMAND TREASURY NOTES *of the United States, whether payable in this city or elsewhere, will be gladly received at this office in payment for Subscriptions or Advertising. Our distant friends are urged to remit them to us in preference to any Bank Notes but those of Philadelphia and the Eastern States.*

OUR FINANCIAL CONDITION.

The present admirable condition of the finances of the country, notwithstanding the heavy demands made upon our capitalists by the government, is naturally attracting considerable attention. Contrary to what many supposed would be the case, the specie in our banks increases instead of diminishing, there is a constant demand for breadstuffs for exportation, capital is abundant, and it only needs one or two victories to set the business of the country in active operation.

What is the cause of this unexpectedly favorable condition of affairs, is a question naturally asked by thousands. And even our Free Trade journals themselves are answering it, by referring to the present Tariff, and admitting that *under the present circumstances*, it was a fortunate thing it was passed.

As we have taken several occasions in THE POST to prove to our readers the utterly ridiculous character of the English clamor upon this Tariff question, we confess we are pleased to see this speedy proof of the truth of the views we have endeavored to illustrate.

Suppose that we had a low Tariff, and we were importing in correspondence therewith, it no doubt would be to the benefit of Europe to pay us for our breadstuffs with merchandize at a profit, instead of with gold at none, but the difference between a flow of the precious metals into and out of the country would be the difference between banks able and unable to lend money to their customers and the government.

Our English friends have a very clear perception of what is their interest in this as in other matters, and their only mistake is in supposing that what puts money into their pockets necessarily must put money into ours. We know well that they will buy just as many bushels of grain from us if we have a high tariff as if we had a low one, and at as good prices. They will buy grain as cheap as they can get it, in any event—consulting their own pecuniary interests entirely in the matter. But even if they did not, our farmers would secure an increased home market in proportion to the increase of our manufacturing population, not only for grain, but for beef, pork, butter, fruit, and the many productions of farms and gardens which will not bear transportation to Europe.

We trust that our English friends, in contemplating our strong financial position, and wondering at our ability to furnish a large amount of means for the war, without running at once to the money kings of London and Paris, as is customary in Europe, will review their own favorite but narrow notions of political economy. Perhaps if they do, some of the more impartial of them may be able to perceive that the policy which is for the pecuniary interest of one nation, may not be for that of another, and that sauce for the English goose, is not necessarily sauce for the American gander.

CANADA.

There appears to be a difference of opinion between the Tory and Liberal papers of Canada as to the object of the English Government in augmenting the military forces in that colony. The Tory papers pretend to think that it is to guard against the naturally rebellious instincts of the Liberals; while the Liberals say it is to make sure against certain efforts of the French Canadians to form an alliance with France. The *Europeta Times* says that a number of French Canadians are now in Paris, and claiming the aid of the French Government in relieving them from their connection with the British crown.

Of course both of these stories are very doubtful. The forces doubtless have been sent over to guard against a possible movement from the United States—it being supposed, probably in view of the menacing articles in certain foolish New York papers, that some danger was to be apprehended. We see no objection to England's sending over ten or twenty thousand troops to Canada—there is no menace in such insignificant numbers. And we have not the least idea that any feeling hostile to Canada is cherished by any considerable portion of the American people.

It appears to be the general understanding in England, that if Canada wishes at any time to sever her connection, she shall be allowed to do so. If she ever does so wish, and sees fit to unite her fortunes with the United States, she will be warmly welcomed. But as to any plan of annexing Canada by force, we think any such scheme would be rejected as both unjust and impolitic by the great majority of all parties.

RUSSELL OUT WEST.—They have found Dr. Russell, the correspondent of the *Times*, honest in selling a horse out West, and therefore naturally are disposed to think him, beyond all denial, an honest man! Russell offered to sell a horse for cost—his groom said that was $150, and purchaser was satisfied—but Russell was positive he paid only $140 for the animal, and took that! It is believed now that Russell would almost return a borrowed umbrella!

THE WAR.

On the Potomac, Gen. McClellan is slowly advancing—"feeling his way," as it would seem. McCall, with the Pennsylvania Reserve, occupies Langley at the present writing,—an advanced position five or six miles beyond the Chain Bridge. It is stated that McClellan has now assumed not only nominally, but actually, the entire control and responsibility of the army of the Potomac. He will consult and advise with Gen. Scott, but will act according to his own best judgment. Henceforward, if he triumphs, he will be credited with the victory; or if defeated, assume the whole blame. Lewinsville having been occupied, Fairfax Court House becomes the next point of interest. It is said, in a Richmond paper, to be held by the Rebels in great force—numerous batteries of artillery having been sent forward from Manassas.

In Western Virginia, according to our own as well as the Rebel accounts, the news is favorable for the Union cause. Lee, the Rebels say, has left his column, and joined Floyd. There is a rumor in Reynolds's camp that he is killed. Wise's generalship has rather disappointed the Rebels—his speeches were not so effective as it was thought they would be, owing to the Union troops not stopping to listen to them. Doubtless a single twelve hours' speech would have done the business for our troops, if it could only have been delivered. As for the vaunted Gen. Lee, Reynolds seems to have been a full match for him.

In Kentucky the Rebel Generals Zollikoffer and Buckner, at the last advices, were driving back. The Union troops were constantly increasing in numbers—and the Kentuckians themselves were enlisting rapidly.

In Missouri Fremont was pressing forward as rapidly as possible to attack Price. It was not known, of course, whether the latter intended fighting or retreating. Fremont means to fight—there is no doubt about that—and his men are said to be in fine spirits. Price cannot retreat far without greatly disheartening all his friends in Missouri, and very probably, therefore, will fight, under as advantageous circumstances as possible.

On the whole, as we write this, affairs look rather favorable. But, in war times, there is no knowing what a day, an hour, may bring forth. One hour may cloud our sky anew, or give some glorious success to the good cause.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

BLANKETS WANTED.

A soldier writes to the Cleveland (Ohio) Plaindealer:—"Cold nights. My eyes! but you should see the boys in Camp Wade 'spoon and shiver' these cold nights! Not a blanket apiece. For pity sake where is Brigadier General Blanket? Dennison, what are you about? Or ain't it you we are talking to? The boys look blank for want of blankets. Soldiers' Aid Society, have you a few blankets you can lend these boys? Look at them, and see them 'spoon and shiver.'"

Blankets are greatly wanted—and, as they cannot be bought, it is said, in sufficient quantities, it is hoped that they will be contributed by all families who have more than they need, or who can make something else do. The government will pay for them if desired. Poor, old, and thin ones are not wanted; they should be *thick, rich and warm*. Col. Crossman says that the large and thick double blanket, of best quality, will cut so as to make two for camp use; or, if such be fine, they should be doubled, bound on the edges and quilted with four or five rows of thread run across. Two *fine* single ones should be sewed together in like manner.

Persons at a distance from Philadelphia can send by Adams's Express, or by Howard's (the same as Harnden's) Express, both these companies having kindly offered to deliver all such gifts free of charge. Tie the bundle firmly up in as small a compass as possible, and direct to "U. S. Quartermaster, corner of Twelfth and Girard sts., Philadelphia."

Col. Crossman will be glad to receive, with the donation, the name of the giver, that he may acknowledge the receipt. Even a single blanket will be gladly accepted, though it might be well to send all from one neighborhood together. Do not delay in sending, however, as the nights are getting cold, and they are wanted.

THE DELAWARE GRAPE.

This variety deserves to be better known than it is among grape-growers. A specimen bunch came under our notice a few days since for the first time. The grapes are small, light colored, something like the Catawbas, but perfectly sweet, free from the acid pulp that characterizes most of our native grapes, and therefore particularly desirable for children and invalids. Those we have seen came from the nursery of Mr. Edward Tatnall, near Wilmington, Delaware, where young plants may be obtained. This gentleman is one of the few whose refined taste, liberal education and high character, as well as genuine love for trees, fruits and flowers, qualify him to fill as it should be filled the useful position of a horticulturist. It is one thing to undertake a business because something must be done to make money, and quite another to feel drawn toward it by inclination. The fondness for it almost insures extensive and intimate knowledge, and by nature's diploma conferring a right to practise it. One can hardly believe that those nurserymen who cheat their customers can have any real taste for the beautiful pursuit which they are willing thus to dishonor. Integrity and good faith are especially necessary in horticultural transactions, as deception wastes not money only, but years of precious time. It was remarked that those who came into business relations with Downing felt toward him as personal friends. This is as it should be. The selfish and grasping rules of trade may do for selling calicoes, but for dealing in trees and flowers, the direct works of God, one should have clean hands and a pure heart.

BREADSTUFFS.

The foreign demand for breadstuffs the present cereal year will probably be a handsome auxiliary to the immense domestic one. As this matter is of considerable importance not only to our agricultural but all other readers, we may quote the following from a well-informed contemporary:—

The very active demand for flour and grain in France and England is likely to stimulate the traffic upon our Western railways. If estimates made and figures given are true, the crops abroad are very short, and the granaries of the United States the main reliance. The demand for Western Europe relates not to the old but the acknowledged deficit in the new crop of wheat in England and France, and the reported short supplies in Spain, Belgium and Holland. The facts on this point are derived from the leading organs of the grain trade in London and Paris. These papers, the Mark Lane Express and French Journal of Practical Agriculture, of recent date, authorize the conclusion that the demand upon the foreign markets—our own being the main reliance—for what is called the cereal year, beginning September 1, 1861, and to end Aug. 31, 1862, will be, in Bushels.

	Bushels.
Wheat alone, for France	80,000,000
And for Great Britain	64,000,000
Total	144,000,000

The Mark Lane authority concludes that not less than nine thousand cargoes, of 2,000 quarters each, will be demanded by the two great states of Western Europe, carrying 546,153 quarters, or 2,769,224 bushels, weekly, "*without intermission the whole year*"—an unheard-of and impossible quantity, adds the same authority, "if we are to judge of the present exporting power of the *neighboring nations* by the last." Much, however, is the present state of the two countries, without taking into account Spain, Belgium and Holland, *which will be all buyers*, as well as France and England." Large as the figures sound, they are based on no greater deficit than one-fifth of the usual average yield in either state. To make good this deficit, and to supply the three smaller states named, the North and East of Europe—the Baltic and Black Sea ports—and this country, are relied upon. So far as wheat alone is to be exported, the quantity might well be called "impossible" for all these markets put together, within any reasonable bounds as to price, or without producing famine rates at home. But we assume, of course, that the deficiency is to be made good, in part, by the coarser grain, chief among which, in the East of Europe and in the United States, is maize or Indian corn. But the weekly requirements of 2,769,-224 bushels of *all* grains together, is an enormous demand, measured by even our great supplies, and if kept up, as stated, without intermission, throughout the cereal year, will certainly be "exhaustive," without the reopening of the trade of the Mississippi River, and even with that, the demand would run up prices much beyond present figures, to induce supplies from the interior, now too remote from the railways to bear wagon transportation at the current value of wheat and corn—especially the latter. For illustration of the magnitude of this prospective demand, tested by our present receipts on the lakes and at tide-water, we will take Chicago.

We are now in the eleventh week of our new cereal year, which from the earlier harvest, dates in this country from the 1st of August, instead of 1st of September, as in England. Taking Chicago as the first in importance of our Western granaries, we find that by devoting the entire receipts at that point of all grains, (reducing flour to its equivalent in wheat,) to such a foreign demand as is here stated, they fall far short of any such quantity, though immensely ahead of any previous season, including that of last year, which was especially good through August and September. The comparison is in the first and usually by large odds the most active quarter of the cereal year. The receipts at Chicago from the 3d of August to the 5th of October, were as follows:—

Ten weeks.	Bushels.	Ten weeks.	Bushels.
In 1858	7,027,511	In 1860	11,999,706
In 1859	6,221,334	In 1861	17,997,917

A weekly average this year of 1,799,791

While the receipts from 1st of January to the 3d of August, 29 weeks, of the late crop, gave a weekly average of only 720,926 bushels, and this a much larger average for the same period than any previous year.

Our readers must remember that in supplying the above estimated demand of 2,769,-224 bushels, or 180 cargoes, weekly, the great grain growing districts of Northern and Eastern Europe will probably be largely relied upon. They are near, and, owing to the cheapness of land and labor, can raise grain at a low price. What proportion of the demand of Western Europe they are usually in the habit of furnishing, we are unable to say. Doubtless, however, the demand on the United States, judging from the exportation now going on at the Atlantic ports, will be a large and profitable one—that is, profitable to us, and therefore, according to the usual logic of our European friends, just as profitable to them.

In view of this foreign demand for breadstuffs, and of the large domestic demand for breadstuffs, neat cattle, horses, mules, &c., for the army, we trust that good bank and Treasury notes will soon begin to be plentiful among our farming population—and if some of those notes should overflow in this direction, we should not be at all displeased.

NEW ORLEANS.

There are reports at Louisville, which come, it is said, from Nashville, that New Orleans was captured on the 5th, without firing a gun. This is entirely too good to be true. In about a month from this time we hope to chronicle the capture of either New Orleans or Charleston—perhaps both.

MRS. ROSS.—In an account of recent proceedings in the Cherokee nation, we read as follows:—

The wife of Chief Ross, however, held out to the last, and refused to yield up her adherence to the Union. After the proceedings of the Council a Confederate flag was prepared to be hoisted over the Council House in Tahlequah, but Mrs. Ross declared that she would not allow it, and threatened that if it were raised she would make her son, six years old, tear it down. Owing to her spirited resistance the flag was not raised.

Mrs. Ross, if we are not mistaken, was, at the time of her marriage, a Quaker girl, and resided in Wilmington, Del. Ross himself is a half-breed, and a very able and gentlemanly man.

Later accounts throw much doubt upon the reported secession of the Cherokees and the other Indian tribes.

PLEASURES OF HIGH POSITION

Of course it is pleasant to have a high military command, especially when all things go well. You are victorious—then the city bands play, as you go home on a visit,

"See, the conquering hero comes!"

You are serenaded, numbered among the immortals, and have "a high, old time" generally.

But things do not always go well—you are defeated perhaps—and then look out for squalls. Even Washington was in bad odor with many after reverses, in his day and generation, and some wished to put Gates in his place after the battle of Saratoga. Success, with people generally, is the sole test of merit—and that not success in the long run, but as an invariable thing.

General McClellan is now in the ascendant—second Napoleon, wonderful intellect, "looks each man right in the eyes," "an athlete except his legs," astonishing horse even—so N. P. Willis and other correspondents ring the changes. Suppose McClellan should be defeated in a great battle—then he would be a mere pretender, deficient in military ability, coat-tails too near the ground, horse a very ordinary animal, and so on.

Fremont is already catching it. Editors, the ink of whose praises is hardly dry, and who declared his appointment and proclamation just the thing, now take the other tack, and sail it even more furiously. Should Fremont utterly defeat and scatter his opponents in Missouri, then of course the tune will change again—"wonderful pathfinder," "the man for the hour," "Jessie too," and "exactly as I told you."

Ah well, dear reader, let us congratulate ourselves that we are not occupants of such dizzy, uncertain stations. As we are, we can laugh at these caprices of public opinion—and denounce public opinion itself as the average stupidity of the community. But for these idols of one day, and victims of the next, with them it is entirely too serious a matter for laughter.

THE REBEL PLANS.

Read an interesting article on this subject from a Richmond paper, which we copy this week—it furnishes an amusing commentary on the favorite rebel doctrine of state rights. Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri are to be compelled to cast their lot with Rebeldom, whether they wish to or not, if Rebeldom can only spell "able."

The Richmond people seem to think that it will not matter much if Charleston, Savannah and New Orleans are captured by the Union forces—their citizens must "grin and bear it." Probably if the entertainment is varied a little by the capture of Richmond also, they will begin to think more seriously of the matter.

THE LITTLE GIANT.

Kansas has furnished nine regiments of troops. After the fall of Lexington General Sturgis called out the Kansas militia, and they came forth nobly, and now swell his ranks. Leavenworth is strongly fortified.

If Kansas has furnished *nine* regimens, she is by all odds the Banner State. Her quota of the half million is about 2,800. Nine regiments would be three times her quota. Kansas's cradle, however, was rocked by war, and the music of the drum and the rifle probably is rather sweet than otherwise to her ear. Three cheers for gallant little Kansas! She is a little giant, and "shrieking" now to some purpose.

KEEPING LIMA BEANS.

It is not generally known that the best way to keep lima beans for winter is, not to wait till they are ripe and dry, but pick and shell them green as if for summer use, and spread them on the garret floor, to dry. The whole process must be gone through without delay, as they spoil by lying in heaps. We have been assured that when thus treated they are as good in winter as in summer, some think better. At this season when frost may come any night, all that are ready should be faithfully gathered every day, as one night's frost will waste the whole.

WHATEVER truth there may be in the stories current respecting Gen. Fremont's affectation of imperial state, it is certain that his communications to the Government here have excited a good deal of unfriendly criticism. His documents are enclosed in most pretentious envelopes, which are covered with wax seals of large proportions, unlike anything ever before seen in this country. It is red tape and sealingwax glorified.

What nonsense! It is about on a par with the censure of McClellan, for recently ordering showy new uniforms, "all gold lace and ostrich feather," for himself and his staff. Probably Fremont's secretary was once a conveyancer, and does up the documents as he thinks the dignity of the Government demands.

☞ A CAUTION TO CROPPED HEADS.—Dr. Liebnitz says that cutting the hair close to the head, a custom which is now in vogue, causes the sap which naturally invigorates the hair to strike to the brain, thus giving that ungainly peculiarity of expression which is noticed in those whose heads have been cropped.

☞ We say to young ladies —"As you prize your beauty, as you value your future prospects, go to bed early. Look at *Cinderella!* Whenever she went to a ball, she was bidden by her good godmamma to leave off precisely at twelve. And what was her reward? Why, she married a Prince!—*Punch.*

☞ During the siege of Sebastopol, a Russian shell buried itself in the side of a hill without the city, and opened a spring. A little fountain bubbled forth where the cannon-shot had fallen, and during the remainder of the siege afforded to the thirsty troops who were stationed in that vicinity an abundant supply of pure cold water.

☞ True valor braves danger without neglecting resources.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

EDWIN OF DEIRA. By ALEXANDER SMITH. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

There is a great change in the poetry of Alexander Smith since the days, not so very long ago, when his "Life-Drama" was received by the critics with such universal acclaim of praise. "Behold the New Poet of the Age!" cried the reviewers, almost with one voice; affirming that when time had chastened his too vivid imagination, and toned him down to less garish Units, he would do mighty works. Time has now done its work, but we doubt whether those sanguine admirers are quite satisfied with the result.—The fire that blazed so high and crackled so fiercely has almost died out now. What does it leave? Is it a lump of molten gold, freed from all impurities, or only a heap of embers, tending to ashes? We will not answer our own question, but selecting some of the finest passages of the present poem for quotation, will leave our readers to judge its poetic merits for themselves. Here is a sketch of the heroine in her first love-dream:

"So, after rest,
Homeward through prime of noon the hunters wound:
The Princess from the window drooping eyes
And heightened color. Voice and clang of hoof
And all the clatter as they sounded on
Became a noisy nothing in her ear.
A world removed. The woman's heart that woke
Within the girlish bosom—ah, too soon!—
Filled her with fear and strangeness; for the path
Familiar to her childhood, and to still
And maiden thoughts, upon a sudden dipped
To an unknown sweet land of delicate light
Divinely aired, but where each rose and leaf
Was trembling, as if haunted by a dread
Of coming thunder. Changed in one quick hour
From bud to rose, from child to woman, love
Silenced her spirit, as the swelling brine
From out the far Atlantic makes a hush
Within the channels of the careless stream
That erst ran chattering with the pebble-stones."

And here is the fruition of "the old eternal song, forever new."

"So, in the very depth of pleasant May,
When every hedge was milky white, the lark,
A speck against a cape of sunny cloud
Yet heard o'er all the fields—and when his heart
Made all the world as happy as itself,—
Prince Edwin, with a score of lusty knights,
Rode forth a bridegroom to bring home his bride.
Brave sight it was to see them on their way,
Their long white manties rustling in the wind,
Their jewelled bridles, horses keen as flame,
Crushing the flowers to fragrance as they moved;
Now flashed they past the solitary crag,
Now glimmered through the forest's dewy gloom,
Now issued to the sun. The summer night
Hung o'er their tents within the valley pitched
Her transient pomp of stars. When that had paled,
And when the peaks of all the region stood
Like crimson islands in a sea of dawn.
They, yet in shadow, struck their canvas town,
For love shook slumber from him as a foe,
And would not be delayed. At height of noon
When, shining from the woods afar in front,
The Prince beheld the palace gates, his heart
Was lost in its own beatings, like a sound
In echoes. When the cavalcade drew near,
To meet it forth the princely brothers pranced,
In plume and golden scale; and when they met
Sudden, from out the palace, trumpets rung
Gay wedding music. Bertha, 'mong her maids,
Upstarted as she caught the happy sound,
Bright as a star that brightens 'gainst the night.
When forth she came the summer day was dimmed.
For all its sunshine sank into her hair,
Its azure in her eyes. A week went by,
Deepening from feast to feast; and, at the close,
The gray priest lifted up his solemn hands,
And two fair lives were sweetly blent in one.
As stream in stream. Then, once again, the knights
Were gathered fair as flowers upon the sward,
While in the distant chambers women wept,
And, crowding, blest the little golden head
So soon to lie upon a stranger's breast,
And light that place no more. The gate stood wide,
Forth Edwin came, enclothed with happiness,
She trembled at the murmur and the stir
That heaved around. Then on a sudden, shrunk,
When through the folds of downcast lids she felt
Burn on her face the wide and staring day,
And all the curious eyes."

Of course it is impossible to read these pretty and pleasant lines, without some suggestion of their resemblance to the ringing music of the "Idyls of the King." The similarity in subject, style and rhythm between Mr. Smith's and Tennyson's poems is so great that if not a plagiarism, it is a very wonderful chance. Which state of the case is the true one is a point which we leave to be battled out between the partisans of these poets. Passing that, we should like to compare the two works in respect to their spirit and central idea, and here we shall probably find as great a dissimilarity as there is likeness in their outer form.

Tennyson has enshrined in his verse the romance that preserves the aroma of the very flower of Christian chivalry. King Arthur stands as an embodiment of that ideal, and the "Knights of the Table Round" as its varying exponents. Brave, gentle, chaste, pure in word and deed, so the Christian Knighthood stands, the best image the world could then offer of the Truth that came to save it.

Alexander Smith has adopted for his theme one that might have been made the noble parallel of this. He chooses the time when the first light of Christianity broke upon Britain,—when, under the teachings of the missionaries sent by Gregory the First, the masses of the people, from the king to the barbarian of the fens, flocked with joy to hear the tidings of good, and to be baptised into the renunciation of their old life of heathen violence, and the acceptance of the blessed possibilities of the new. It was a great crisis—the birth of a great nation; and, fitly treated, the theme would be a grand one; but we feel that the opportunity has been missed. Alexander Smith appears to have no conception whatever of the real state of the wild and strange hordes of Britain at that time. His men and women are the very knights and ladies of King Arthur's time; not a scale of armour, not a knightly game, not a romantic chivalric sentiment is lacking. Thus the whole point on which the change hinges, is lost. Chivalry is so essentially the product of Christendom, so absolutely impossible in the heathen world, that the glaring anachronism pains us as we read.

What pleasure is to be found in "Edwin of Deira," must be principally in its wealth of imagery and natural illustration—sometimes these images are grotesque enough to provoke laughter, as we are told

"Sudden above the shoulder of the world
The broad sun bounced and flung his shafts abroad;

but generally they are apposite, striking, and often delicately beautiful, and we find much pleasure in them, while lamenting the want of the greater merits which the world had hoped from their author.

THE ONE SUBJECT.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is interesting and amusing in these war times to note the effect of passing events on all classes, to see the old landmarks being removed, and the people, as it were, re-created. Even the old words of the familiar Anglo-Saxon tongue come to our ears with strange, new meanings. Why, only the other day, in reading that most excellent and orthodox of papers—"The Presbyterian," I came upon the following notice of an installation:—"The Rev. Dr. H—— *charged* the pastor, after which the Rev. B—— did the same to the people." For an instant a dreadful scene flitted before my mind, picturing the first named divine bearing down upon the astonished young theologian with fixed bayonets, while his colleague seized upon the moment of confusion to rout the congregation. A year ago I should have read the paragraph without a thought of indecorum.

What may we not expect from the children of this stormy time? What will limit their intelligence? When I was a child (and indeed it was not long ago), we seldom knew who was President, and as to the Cabinet, our only ideas of such an article were limited to a sort of small sideboard. Now, the young ladies and gentleman, in pinafores and jackets, discourse quite learnedly of Lincoln's ability, of McClellan's plans, and of the causes of the war. Indeed the boys of this family hang Jeff. Davis daily in the person of their sister's dolls, and all drill, from the eldest sister to the little three-year old (not the one of Knickerbocker nor yet of Harper's Monthly). What a boon the war is in furnishing conversational topics and making people the most antipodal, mutually entertaining. Time was when a visit from a certain neighbor was an ordeal from which the stoutest heart might shrink, for when the inquiries after each member of the family had been duly made, was sure to come an interval of depressing silence, interrupted only as you chanced to hit upon some such feeble effort at conversation as, "The wheat is looking uncommonly well," which would elicit the farmer-like answer, "Yes, the wheat promises well if there don't come a late frost or if the Hessian fly don't get into it yet," for who ever knew a farmer give himself up to unreserved anticipations of the rich harvest, that nine times out of ten he is sure to have? Now, the neighbor in question probably has a son in the army, and you have only to mention war affairs, and your visitor whom you once thought stupid as the clods among which his daily labor lies, becomes eloquent with patriotism. Our people are being educated by this war. We never were backward in this respect, for do we not learn in our first school lessons that, "in the United States every child may learn to read and write" (vide Peter Parley,) but now the knowledge is being brought into play as it has never yet been. The little rural post-office, whose letters might all have been dead ones, for the little stir caused by the arrivals of the mails a year ago, is now besieged by a crowd of eager waiters, discussing as they wait the great things which fill their minds. One giving his opinion that, "That their *Bear* regard will find himself in the tightest kind of a fix if he attacks Washington." And another affirms that "he has heard as how Washington is all *undermined*, and at the first sign of the rebels gaining the day will be blowed up." There is a hamlet near us, containing ten houses, a blacksmith shop and store, whose inhabitants really believe that all the operations of the rebels thus far have been mere feints, to cover a deep laid scheme to take their village, and plunder and massacre the inhabitants.

Knowledge of geography progresses rapidly, and newspaper maps are so faithfully studied that there is not only every reason to believe that our own people are becoming learned in that science, but that the more intelligent class of Englishmen will learn in time that New York *is not* on the Mississippi, and that Chicago is not a suburb of St. Louis. What new aspects religion bears coming to us in the garb of secession! Has every one read that touching extract from one of the speeches of the venerable Cobb, in which he describes himself assembling his loved ones around the family altar, to ask guidance of Heaven as to the course he should pursue, the being then deep in treason, or the pathetic poem which this recital called forth from a southern lady, in which she represents the aged saint at his devotions, hearing a voice saying, "Son of the south! be free! be free!" meaning free from all such unworthy trammels as law and honor? The whole performance bears a ludicrous resemblance to the old story of the deacon, who ordered his clerk to water the molasses, and sand the sugar, and then come up to prayers.

Now, is it in human nature to help being amused at these things? Do we show any the less heart because we manage to find something to laugh at even amid the horrors of war, or was that L.L. D. of mighty penetration right in setting us down as a people destitute of all the feelings of humanity, because we did not sink into despair after our Bull Run defeat, and have not since shown that "whipped" spirit that he thinks would be becoming to "miserable offenders," who stand before the world receiving the righteous judgments of Heaven for their former arrogance and wicked insolence to the affectionate old mother country? No wonder that corpulent son of Albion cannot appreciate our national elasticity. He has not the *figure* for that sort of thing.

Well it is for us women of America that we possess this elasticity of temperament, or miserable wrecks we should become with constant brooding over newspaper horrors, for our routine of daily life offers none of the ever varying excitement that sustains "the actors in the strife."

Bertha's song in "Edwin of Deira" expresses beautifully the same old sentiment that we have heard a thousand times, whether in prose or verse, only now when this contest is turning our men into warriors, it presses home with more weight than ever.

"On many pastures man can feed his heart,
He drinks the wine of travel to the less;
His is the sceptre and the golden crown,
His is the strife and glory of the field;
But ours the empty couch on which he lay,
The listening at the gate for dreadful news,
The breaking heart and binding up of wounds."

Is Mrs. Jones a more feeling woman than I, because she spends half the day in groaning over "these awful times," and meets her tired husband at evening with a face of solemn length, sighing forth the doleful question, "How have things been going to-day? Worse than ever, I suppose," while, bee-like, I try to extract a little honey, even from the flowers of bleak October?

We very readily consented to a day of public humiliation, and having done an evident duty in that, will it not be best to let all future mortifying of the flesh be done in secret? Self-respect says keep a stiff upper lip before the world, and it will respect you more; or is it the voice of that wicked old national pride that says so? That terrible sin that we hear from the pulpit has been so largely to blame for our present troubles?—We are only human, and it is hard for us to know when virtue becomes a sin, but judging from the past, our humility will not be likely to reach that pass. HESTER ALLISON.

☞ The old rule, "Marry for love and work for the siller," is the truest. Dr. Johnson had a noble contempt for those who marry solely for the sake of a dowry; he said of such a one, "That man, sir, has sold himself for the certainty of three meals a day." How severe, yet how true!

☞ Truth itself becomes falsehood if it is presented in any other form than its right relations. There is no truth but the "whole truth."

☞ It would appear, from statistics just published, that the consumption of tobacco in England has increased one-fourth in ten years.

☞ The word "corn" means *oats* in Scotland, *wheat* in England, and *maize* in the United States. The Scriptural use of the word refers to wheat and barley, which seem to have been the cereal grains of the East at the periods included. So far as we know, our corn, maize, has never yet been introduced into the Holy Land.

☞ A BUNCH OF KEYS.—The Key of the Palace, Lack'y; the Key of the Stable, Jockey; the Key of the Convent, Mon-key; the Key of the Kitchen, Tur key; the Key of the Rebellion, Whis-key.

☞ An argumentative man, who wastes his energies in arguing every little trifle, is like a Chinese juggler, who spends his life in practising to balance a peacock's feather on his nose.

☞ Tectotalism is now represented in England by three weekly newspapers, with a united circulation reported at 25,000 weekly; six monthly magazines, circulating 20,000; two periodicals for the young—the Advertiser, circulating over 50,000, and the Band of Hope Review, over 250,000; and two cheap quarterly reviews, together circulating about 10,000 copies.

☞ ORANGE BLOSSOM FADING BEFORE WHITE LILAC.—That mirror of fashion, *Le Follet*, announces that orange blossom, for bridal wreaths, seems likely to be superseded by white lilac, which is a far more elegant and becoming flower, and can be arranged with more grace.

The saddest grave
That ever tears kept green must sink at last
Unto the common level of the world.
Then o'er it runs a road. *Alexander Smith.*

☞ A married lady lately consulted her lawyer on the following question, viz. "As I wedded Mr T—— for his wealth, and that wealth is now spent, am I not, to all intents and purposes, a *widow*, and at liberty to marry again?"

☞ Some weeks ago, one of our gossiping friends was indiscreet enough to hint his want of a better half. A pleasing young lady of Mansfield, Ohio, thinks she will "suit" him, and gives the following remarkable description of her personal charms. "I am 21 years old, good inclined, have a tenthel good education, am a milliner by trade, lite hair lite blue eyes Towl well proportion and of a respectibel Family." We are afraid that our "good inclined" correspondent is altogether too "tenthel" in her education to suit!

☞ The cost of conveying a regiment, with all its appurtenances, horses, wagons, and baggage, from Boston to Washington, is about $10,000.

☞ The Second Adventists are coming up through much tribulation to be a sect of some importance. It is stated that their number in the United States and Canada is about 160,000, and about 650 preachers; most of them adopt the doctrine of Miller, believing in the personal reign of Christ on earth.

☞ Model wives formerly took a "stitch in time;" now, with the aid of sewing-machines, they take one in no time.

LATEST NEWS.

RECONNOISSANCE OF OUR LINES BY THE REBELS—OUR PICKETS DRIVEN IN—GEN. MCCALL'S DIVISON IN BATTLE ARRAY.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—During to-day the rebels advanced in large force in the direction of Prospect hill, driving in our pickets to that point. The result was that the division of Gen. McCall was soon formed into line of battle, with orders to advance. It was supported by cavalry and artillery. Several shots were fired by the rebel battery, but being out of range, no injury was sustained by our troops. The division of Generals Smith, Porter, and McDowell, were also soon prepared for an apprehended emergency; but nothing further in addition to what is already stated occurred to indicate an advance or hostile movement. Gen. McClellan was on the Virginia side of the Potomac during the greater part of the day.

RE-ELECTION OF GOVERNOR RAMSAY, OF MINNESOTA.—A private dispatch from St. Paul, Minnesota, to-day, announces that Governor Ramsay has been re-elected by a large majority.

MORE REBEL BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC.—The steamer Baltimore, which came up from Fortress Monroe last night, reports that there were indications of the erection of a new rebel battery at Timber Branch, between the mouth of Quantico creek and Cockpoint. A blind of logs and brush had been thrown up, behind which it was supposed that the erection of the battery was in progress. Quite a number of mounted men and teams were noticed in that vicinity. At the point where it is presumed the battery is being placed the river is narrow, and the channel close to the Virginia shore.

FROM KENTUCKY.

BRECKINRIDGE AND OTHER TRAITORS ORGANIZING A REBEL CAMP IN KENTUCKY.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 12.—The evening News learns upon unquestionable authority that Breckinridge, Preston Johnson, Desha Williams, Haws, Moore, and other secession notables are organizing a large rebel camp at Prestonburg, Floyd county. It says they have a force of 6,000 or 7,000 men now there, and are drilling them eight hours per day, and they are alarming the mountaineers by circulating incredible stories as to the intentions of the government. The News asks the government to place promptly the requisite force on the mountains around which the Union forces may rally.

FROM MISSOURI.

INFORMATION FROM PRICE'S ARMY.

SYRACUSE, MO., Oct. 13.—Letters from rebels in Gen. Price's army have been intercepted and are brought here. They are dated the 9th inst., and represent that Price and his army was within eighty miles of the Osage river, near Papinsville, and that he had 2,000 wagons, 16,000 horses, and from 18,000 to 20,000 men.

MISSOURI STATE CONVENTION.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 13.—In the Convention yesterday Mr. Hendricks, from the Committee on Elections, introduced a bill to postpone the State election till the first Monday in August, 1862, and providing for the continuance of the present provisional Governor, Lieutenant Governor, and Secretary of State, in office till their successors be duly elected and qualified.

A REBEL DEFEAT IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.—CINCINNATI, Oct. 13.—Yesterday afternoon, at a point 12 miles south of Point Pleasant's advance, and eight miles from the rebel encampment on Green River, a detachment of 40 men of the 39th Indiana regiment attacked 300 rebels, half of which were cavalry, without loss, killing five and wounding three. The whole rebel force have driven back beyond Bacon Creek.

FROM HATTERAS INLET.—THE LOSSES OF THE INDIANA REGIMENT.—FORTRESS MONROE, OCT. 11, VIA BALTIMORE, OCT. 12.—The steamer S. R. Spaulding returned from Hatteras Inlet this morning, bringing details of the recent engagement, which differs in but few respects from the account already telegraphed.

The Indiana regiment lost their tents, provisions, many of their knapsacks, etc. Col. Brown states his loss at about fifty, but none were killed. The Inhabitants along the beach came in with the regiment.

The loss of the rebels has been overstated, but it was undoubtedly large.

FROM PENSACOLA, via Norfolk, we have news that several thousand rebel troops landed at Santa Rosa island, attacked Wilson's New York Zouaves and spiked their guns. The fight was a severe one, and there is reported to have been a heavy loss on both sides. This is a rumor only.

FROM Fortress Monroe we have news that a party of New York Zouaves, who started out from Newport News to cut fuel, were attacked by a party of rebels and driven in, with the loss of four.

WE have later news from California by the pony express. Business generally was improving in San Francisco. Gen. Sumner has issued a proclamation ordering the mustering of the forts of the department of volunteers, and concentrating the regulars at convenient points to embark for Panama. The horse equipments of the regulars will be turned over to the Oregon volunteer cavalry.

THE steamer Chameleon, at New York from Aspinwall, brings a million of dollars in gold. She was conveyed to latitude 24 by the U. S. gunboat Keystone State. In New Granada Mosquera had been beaten, with heavy loss, by Arboleda, and hemmed in at Bogota. The entire State of Cauca had declared in favor of Arboleda.

LIEUT. HARRELL, of the steamer Union, (Potomac flotilla) attacked a barge on Occoquan creek, with his two launches, and set it on fire, one night last week.

SMYRNA, DEL., Oct. 13.—A mulatto man, named Jacob Hamilton, was hanged by a mob at this place yesterday morning, for attempting to commit an outrage upon the daughter of Mr. J. Clook.

PHILADELPHIA ELECTION.—Both branches of the City Councils have been carried by the Democrats, carrying with them the various departments of the city government. The same party carry ten out of seventeen members of Assembly from the city, and a Senator, and the majority for Thompson (Peoples) for Sheriff is so small that the army vote is said to swamp it.

HOWSOEVER he woman' she beams on the sight
Graceful and fair, like a being of light;
Scatters around her, wherever she strays,
Roses of bliss o'er our thorn covered ways;
Roses of Paradise sent from above,
To be gathered and twined in a garland of love.

☞ A farmer of our acquaintance, who has been trying to improve the quality of his apples, complains that, "instead of improving, they go backwards." We suppose they are *cord* apples.

☞ Good wine is now made from grape leaves and shoots from a new French process, without grapes and without alcohol.

☞ Material evil tends to self-annihilation, good to increase.

☞ To kill your enemies—Treat them to three cent brandy.

WOOED.

In 'leafy girths, the garden walls
Around the lines and plats were drawn—
Round many a myrtled interspace,
And cringing breadth of summer lawn.
High on the wild-sculpt Tuscan urn
The peacock drowsed, and far below
Ranged many a terrace statue-dusked,
And fringed with balustrades of snow.
"I love," I said, she silent turned
Her thoughtful face afront the south,
While tawny shadows, passion-winged,
Ran round the curvings of her mouth.

I left one hand across the seat
And touched her dainty, chinky arm,
Leant to her neck, and whispered through
The tress that hid her small ear's charm.
The hot wind stirred the plaited grapes,
And sifted half the fountain's froth.
"And if I love, or dream I love,
Sweet cousin mine, needst thou to wrath?"
One moment trifling with her fan,
She pressed the margin to her brows.
"Love," she replied, "and peace and rest
Dwell in your heart, and hearth, and house.

"Wouldst see the picture I adore?"
Through pensive lips she answered "Yes."
Then, slowly breathing, turned to me
Her sweet face white with pain's excess.
I drew the mirror from my breast,
And placed it in her passive hand:
"Look, cousin, look at her I love,
The brightest blossom in the land."
A faint blush bloomed astant her brows,
Her low voice trembled through and through;
She dropped her head: "Ah, cousin mine,
God help her, for she loves you too."

Then rising up, close linked we paced
Where the dun almonds ducked the swarth;
Not heard the bells of Time, until
The great stars wheeled across the north.
Till half the palms lapsed black in shade,
And half the poplar tops grew pale,
And woke, amid the passion flowers,
The mellow throated nightingale.
Rich peace was ours, from turf and plant,
To the bird's slumber in the blue.
I fancy myriad voices sighed
"God bless her, for she loves you too."

CAVTAIN.

NELSON AND LADY HAMILTON.

Mr. Trench, the esteemed Dean of Westminster, in looking over his deceased mother's papers, found a journal of a tour of foreign courts which she made during the year 1800, and he has thought proper to print a few copies of it for private circulation. It is far from being an insignificant production, though filling somewhat less than a hundred pages, for the writer displays acute observation and good sense, and introduces us to a familiarity with several very remarkable persons. She was at the time Mrs. St. George, a young widow with one child, and she travelled for the recovery of her health. Dean Trench was the result of a second marriage, which took place some years afterwards. The lady, as granddaughter of Bishop Clavering, of Waterford, and widow of an Irish gentleman of fortune, had the advantage of the highest introductions in her continental travels. She was wholly with royal persons, ambassadors, and the families of the nobleese, and indeed could reach no other classes of people, for the division between this elevated circle and all others was everywhere incongruous to be overpassed.

We learn from Mrs. St. George's journal that travelling in Central Europe was then in a very backward state—roads bad, means of transport inefficient, and the inns extremely unattractive. Her journey from Hano to Hanover was at the rate of two miles an hour. The simplicity of old times still in some degree rested on European courts. We find they always dined in the middle of the day, that is about three. Spending the evening at the reigning duchess's, our journalist found the company remarkably free of formality. "Not only the duchess, but the party who played faro with her, worked in the intervals of the game. At another table there was a large party employed in knotting, netting, embroidering, and even the homely acquisition of knitting stockings, while the hereditary princess, and those who had no regular work, were busy making list for the hospital." There seems, indeed, to have been a curious mixture of simplicity with the rigorous exclusiveness of these German courts. At Berlin, the wife of the chief minister introduced herself to Mrs. St George with a compliment to her dress, and on the strength of this acquaintance, next morning sent her tailor, whom in a note she called soon and, to ask for a pattern of the dress, and to request Mrs. St. George to put it on, that the man might see how well it looked!"

Mrs. St. George liked what she saw of the German character. "Calmness and mildness," she says, "are its most prominent features. Cruelty is a vice here totally unknown, with all its attendants, roughness, brutality, oaths, loud speech &c. I would advise every one with irritable nerves to reside in this country.

There is, however, no part of this little book which approaches in interest and value the sketch which it neither gives nor of a party which visited Dresden in winter, 1800, with the celebrated Lord Nelson as its chief figure. The hero was accompanied by Sir William Hamilton, Lady Hamilton, and the plebeian mother of the latter, a Mrs. Cadogan. The creation in which Lord Nelson stood towards Lady Hamilton has since been sufficiently well known, and amply commented on. The vulgarity and absurdity of the whole party is almost beyond belief.

Lord Nelson she describes as a little man without any dignity; Lady Hamilton as colossal and handsome, with the exception of clumsy feet, her movements in common life ungraceful, yet able to charm all beholders when acting. Lady Hamilton engrossed the attentions of the hero, and Sir William saw nothing in his wife's conduct but matter of admiration. On the 3d of October, after dinner, "we had," says Mrs. St. George, "several songs in honor of Lord Nelson, written by Miss Knight, and sung by Lady Hamilton. She puffs the incense full in his face, but he receives it with pleasure, and snuffs it up very cordially. The songs all ended in the sailors' way, with 'Hip, hip, hip, hurrah,' and a bumper with the last drop on the nail—a ceremony I had never heard of or seen before."

After some indifferent matters, our journalist goes on as follows:

"Oct. 7.—Breakfasted with Lady Hamilton, and saw her represent, in succession the best statues and paintings extant. She assumes their attitude, expression, and drapery with great facility, swiftness and accuracy. Several Indian shawls, a chair, some antique vases, a wreath of roses, a tambourine, and a few children are her whole apparatus. She stands at one end of the room, with a strong light to her left, and every other window closed. Her hair (which, by the by, is never clean, is short, dressed like an antique, and her gown a simple calico chemise, very easy, with loose sleeves to the wrist. She disposes the shawls so as to form the Grecian, Turkish, and other drapery, as well as a variety of turbans. Her arrangement of the turbans is absolutely sleight of hand, she does it so quickly, so easily, and so well. It is a beautiful performance, answering to the most ignorant and highly interesting to the lovers of art. The chief of her imitations are from the antique. Each representation lasts about ten minutes. It is remarkable that, though coarse and ungraceful in common life, she becomes highly graceful and even beautiful, during this performance. It is also singular that, in spite of the accuracy of her imitation of the finest ancient draperies, her usual dress is tasteless, vulgar, loaded, and unbecoming. She has borrowed several of my gowns, and much admires my dress, which cannot flatter, as her own is so frightful. Her waist is absolutely between her shoulders. After showing her attitudes, she sings, and I accompanied. Her voice is good and very strong, but she is frequently out of tune; her expression strongly marked and various; but she has no shake, no flexibility, and no sweetness. She acts her songs, which I think the last degree of bad taste. All imperfect imitations are disagreeable, and to represent passion with the eyes fixed on a book, and the person confined to a sofa, must always be a poor piece of acting enough.

"She continues her demonstrations of friendship, and said many fine things about me accompanying her at sight. Still she does not gain upon me. I think her bold, daring, vain even to folly, and stamped with the manners of her first situation much more strongly than one would suppose, after having represented majesty, and lived in good company fifteen years. Her ruling passion seems to me vanity, avarice and love for the pleasures of the table. She shows a great avidity for presents, and has actually obtained some at Dresden by the common artifice of admiring and longing. Mr. Elliot says she will captivate the Prince of Wales, whose mind is as vulgar as her own, and plays a great part in England. Dined with the Elliots. He was wonderfully amusing. His wit, his humor, his discontent, his spleen, his happy choice of words, his rapid flow of ideas, and his disposition to playful satire, make one always long to write short hand, and preserve his conversation.

"Oct. 8.—Dined at Madame de Loss's, wife to the prime minister, with the Nelson party. The electress will not receive Lady Hamilton on account of her former dissolute life. She wished to go to court, on which a pretext was made to avoid receiving company last Sunday, and I understand there will be no court while she stays. Lord Nelson, understanding the elector did not wish to see her, said to Mr. Elliot: "Sir, if there is any difficulty of that sort, Lady Hamilton will kiss the elector down, and—me, I'll knock him down too!" She was not invited in the beginning to Madame de Loss's, one which Lord Nelson sent his excuses, and they Mr. Elliot persuaded Madame de Loss to invite her.

"Oct. 9.—A great breakfast at the Elliot's given to the Nelson party. Lady Hamilton repeated her attitudes with great effect. All the company, except their party and myself, went away before dinner, after which Lady Hamilton, who declared she was passionately fond of champagne, took such a portion of it as astonished me. Lord Nelson was not behind-hand, called more vociferously than usual for songs in his own praise, and after many bumpers, proposed: 'The Queen of Naples, adding, 'She is my queen, she is queen to the backbone.' Poor Mr. Elliot, who was anxious the party should not expose themselves more than they had done already, and wished to get over the last day as well as he had done the rest, endeavored to stop the effusion of champagne, and effected it with some difficulty; but not till the lord and lady (or, as he calls them, Antony and Mrs. Cleopatra) were pretty far gone. I was so tired, I returned home soon after dinner, but not till Cleopatra had talked to me a great deal of her doubts whether the queen would receive her, adding: 'I care little about it; I had much sooner she would settle half Sir William's pension on me.' After I went, Mr. Elliot told me she acted Nina intolerably ill, and danced the 'Tarantella.' During her acting, Lord Nelson expressed his admiration by the Irish sound of applause, which is written character can imitate, and by crying every now and then, 'Mrs. Siddons for ——!' Lady Hamilton expressed great anxiety to go to court, and Mrs. Elliot assured her it would not amuse her, and that the elector never gave dinners or suppers. 'What!' cried she, 'no pudding!' Sir William also this evening performed feats of activity, hopping round the room on his backbone, his arms, legs, star, and all clean all —ing in the air.

"Oct. 10.—Mr. Elliot saw them on board to-day. He heard by chance, from a king's messenger, that a frigate waited for them at Hamburg, and ventured to announce it formally. He says 'The moment they were on board, there was an end of the fine arts, of the attitudes, of the acting, the dancing, and the singing. Lady Hamilton's maid began to weep, in French, about some provisions which had been forgot, in language quite impossible to repeat, using certain French words which are never spoken but by scum of the lowest class, and roaring them out from one boat to another, Lady Hamilton began bawling for an Irish stew, and her cook that set about washing the potatoes, which she did as cleverly as possible. They were actually like Hogarth's actresses dressing in the barn.' In the evening, I went to congratulate the Elliots on their deliverance, and found them very sensible of it. Mr. Elliot would not allow his wife to speak above her breath and to laugh to night, lest we all speak in our turn, and very, very quiet."

This is certainly a disenchanting result. But the error primarily is, in supposing that because Nelson was successful as a naval commander, therefore he must be all other things. After all, much of human excellence is matter of accident. Some are exalted by the accident of birth, some by the possession of special gifts. Unless there is also a natural dignity and purity, these kinds of greatness, of course, must show ill behind the scenes. Let the fact help to reconcile modesty to its insignificance.

IN THE LONG RUN.

There is no little of repining on the part of many worthy people, which must be attributed chiefly to a habit of forgetting some well known truths. It would be good for all to remember that in the long run, the things which seem fret and annoy will all be seen to be parts of a plan of infinite benevolence. The exile we lament will be turned into agencies for good, and the sorrows we experience will eventuate in future joys. That life is the sweetest which is passed in extracting honey even from the bitterest adversities; and he is the wisest man who can most heartily confide in the rectitude of Providence, and in the final supremacy of truth and right. In the long run, that Christian will come out well who works cheerfully, heartily, hopefully, without wasting his energies upon vain regrets and passionate murmurings. The bird sings in the storm, why may not the child of God rejoice too, often though the passing clouds lower?

SERVANTS AND MISTRESSES.—"Marie," said a lady to a colored chambermaid, "that is the third silk dress you have worn since you came to me; pray how many do you own?" "Only seven, miss; but I's saving my wages to buy another." "Seven? What use are seven silk dresses to you? Why, I don't own so many as that." "Spose not, miss," said the smiling darkey; "you don't need 'em so much as I does. You 'quality white folks everybody knows is quality, but we betterment kind ob colored persons has to dress smart to 'stinguish ourselves from common niggers." So, critics, who denounce the present extravagant style of dress, be lenient, and when the paraphernalia of hoops and flounces, silks, velvets, and laces, is very astounding, think—Well, poor things! they must do *something* to 'stinguish themselves from common folks.

BEWARE OF SEEING GREAT AUTHORS.—The "Country Parson" gives a wise caution on this point. "The enthusiastic ideal which young people form of any one they admire, is smashed by the rude presence of facts. I have got somewhat beyond the stage of feeling enthusiastic admiration, yet there are two or three living men whom I should be sorry to see. I know I should never admire them so much any more. I never saw Mr. Dickens. *I don't want to see him.* Let us have Yarrow unvisited; *one sight shall is better than the fairest feet.* No hero is a hero to his valet; and it may be questioned whether any clergyman is a saint to his beadle. Yet the hero may be a true hero, and the clergyman a very excellent man; but *we shall* [illegible] *better by our close inspection.*"

HOW TO MEASURE COAL.—Coal put into bins and levelled can be measured, from one to a thousand tons, with as much accuracy as it can be weighed on scales. For instance, Lehigh white ash coal per ton of 2,000 pounds, of the egg or stove size, will uniformly measure six feet cubical; white ash Schuylkill coal will measure 35 feet, and the pink, gray, and red ash will reach 36 cubic al feet per ton of 2,000 pounds, or 40 feet for 2,240 pounds—the difference of cubical contents between the net and gross ton being exactly four feet. If the length, breadth and height of the bin be multiplied together, and the product divided by the aforesaid contents of a ton, the quotient must show the number of tons therein.

HEARSAY EVIDENCE.—Two literary ladies were lately witnesses in a trial. One of them, upon hearing the usual questions asked—"What is your name? and how old are you?" turned to her companion and said: "I do not like to tell my age, not that I have any objection to its being known, but I don't want it published in all the newspapers." "Well," said the witty Mr. S., "I will tell you how you can avoid it. You have heard the objection to all hearsay evidence; tell them you don't remember when you were born, and all you know of it is by hearsay." The hint took, and the question was not pressed.

A SHARP TRICK.—It is stated that "Old Sharp," the celebrated maker of articles from the Shakspeare "mulberry tree," of which as many were sold as would have taken almost a small forest to supply, used, when disposing of a curious article, to place his hand upon a piece of the real tree, which was affixed to his bench, and say: "I solemnly swear that I hold in my hand a portion of the tree which Shakspeare himself planted." This trick succeeded admirably, and Old Sharp died very rich, but on his death-bed he confessed that he had deceived thousands.

THE SWISS HAYMAKERS.

They are mowing down the flowers in the meadow. I wonder if they call that hay? The singing peasants go through the sweet blossoms which were rippling in the air this morning like waves of undulating light, and lay them to the ground in furrows. Then follow the happy maidens, with their broad-brimmed hats and their closely laced kirtles, pitching the sweet flowers high above their heads, and often burying each other in showers of blossoms.

Ah, you vain creatures, your pretty bodices are much too tight for the flower play (work, I suppose it is, but it does not seem so) in which you are engaged. Still, I cannot blame you: it is the most natural thing upon earth for you to wish to be as lovely as possible: you know very well that the eyes of Hans, and Ian, and Jacob are on you. Why should they not be?

I really fear Hans will cut himself with his scythe if he is not more attentive to his work; but who can blame him? I? I did not intend to indulge even a thought of reproach towards him, but I do. He has cut directly through a sparrow's nest. Hans! how could you do it? That is what comes of love dreaming in the meadows! Ah! you cunning fellow, what was the use of screaming out in that style, as if you were frightened—like a girl? You acted as scared as I should if I had seen a snake. Minna, and Katherli, and Marie all run to you, as if they supposed your very life was in danger. They gather up the poor little birds, and you tie the nest together again with long grasses, and look at Marie all the while you do it. Marie pities and caresses the moaning birds, and Katherli looks at you. Minna is casting glances across the meadow to Ian, who goes on with his mowing as if there was not a pretty Switzer maiden in the world. He will not mow through birds' nests, I will warrant. Ian is a kind-hearted and earnest fellow. Perhaps he is thinking all the while of another bird who has been building its nest in his warm heart ever since the flowers were mown in the meadows, a year ago. Do you not believe it, blithe Minna? Blush away, it only makes you look the sweeter!

But listen! Ian is singing to himself as he cuts down the buttercups by the brook side—all to himself? No, to the listening Minna; and she knows it. See! the happy creature answers by tossing her flower hay up higher, and not alone by tossing the flower-hay—hush! She, also, is singing! Ah, Minna, you forgot there were others save Ian within hearing. The mischievous Katherli and Marie are really too bad. They have taken up your lowly murmured confession, and they go on with it, and with you, too, the naughty creatures. Each is pulling you by a hand, while you struggle and turn rosy in the face, and they run with you towards Ian, singing to the top of their voices. Wait a little, Minna, until you take your next Sunday's walk among the mountains (you will go alone with your little sister—that is right)—Ian will be sure to meet you, and you will hear the very words you have been longing, though trembling, to hear since the flower-hay was mown in the meadows last summer—the most precious of all the words in the world—Ian's first "I love thee!"—*A Traveller in Zurich.*

FOLD UP THE EARTH.

Fold it up, and lay it away.
That fleer bit of pink you wore yesterday!
You thought it would heighten your charms for him
And bring to his cheek a softer hue—
But smiles, like kisses, oft betray—
Fold it up, *Maiden*, and lay it away!

Fold it up, and lay it away.
The delicate veil, with its orange bloom!
The blossoms will wither, though scarce so soon
As the charms they graced be veiled in the tomb;
Fold it up, *Bride*, and lay it away!

Fold it up, and lay it away.
That dear little wave of sunny hair!
The lovely brow from which it was shorn
Will soon have reached its maidenly morn,
And a lower love than thine be born;
On the bracer of which 'twill fondly lay—
Fold it up, *Mother*, and lay it away!

Fold it up, and lay it away.
The love-letter has blest some exquisite hours!
There're three were many—fewer the flowers,
But perfumed and brilliant as summer's showers,
Smiling and weeping in sunlit spray.
Fold it up, *Sister*, and lay it away!

Fold it up, and lay it away.
Each precious relic of kindred thought;
Each fragile, so priceless, with memory fraught;
Each heart throb, whose image on paper was caught!
Too sensitive now for sight of the day—
Fold it up, *Bereft*, and lay it away!

Fold it up, and lay it away—
Dream of the *Maiden*, all roseate bright;
Dream of the *Bride*, in stainless white;
Dream of the *Mother*, ere tears dim her sight;
Dream of the *Spirit*, while yet fingers light
Change to prophetic, and all will decay—
Fold it up, Soul, and lay it away!

LITTLE THINGS.—Ten minutes taken from five hours seems a very, very small affair, and yet for a workman to be behind ten minutes every day, and afternoon defraids his employer out of two hours a week, or nearly ten and a half days in a year. At $1.50 per day this would amount to $15.00 a year—practically stolen, and often by men so conscientious that they would deem it a sin to take an apple from a neighbor's orchard without permission. How hard it is to come up to the Golden Rule—"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," and who would dare this requisition was called the "straight gate," into which men were exhorted to enter, and which it was said, few men would be able to find!

☞ Most books in these days are like some kinds of trees—a great many leaves and no fruit.

THE ANTE-NUPTIAL LIE.

PART I.

On the morning of my twenty third birthday, I awoke early, and with a profound sense of happiness and thankfulness. My five years of married life, without having been a realized dream or sentimental idyl, had enclosed the happiest and worthiest period of my existence. Tracing the details of it, I rejoiced to think my worst difficulties were overcome, and that strong affection and deep rooted esteem had changed an anxious course of duty into blessedness and fruition.

My husband, Mr. Anstruther, had yielded to my earnest wish to celebrate our wedding anniversary in our country home, and had granted me just three days, snatched from the toil of active parliamentary life, to taste my holiday; and I was tasting it slowly, but with intense enjoyment, as I stepped out that morning upon the dewy lawn, and devoured, with my aching London sight, one of the loveliest park landscapes in England. I looked in the distance upon low ranges of hills, blue in the early misty light, and granting, here and there, peeps of the adjacent sea, sleeping quietly beneath the rosy amber of the eastern sky, and immediately at my feet upon flower-gardens planned and cultivated with all the exigence of modern taste, and glowing with a hundred dyes. My mind recurred involuntarily to the narrow court in which my father's house was situated, and to the dreary prospect of brick and mortar, of factory chimney and church steeple, which for eighteen years had bounded my horizon; and if the recollection brought with it the old inevitable association, I was able to thank God that now no pulse beat quicker, no traitorous thrill responded.

How strange it seems that fate should come upon us with such overwhelming suddenness, that we are not suffered to hear the approaching footstep or see the outstretched arm, but are struck down instantly by the blow which might perhaps have been withstood, had a moment's warning been granted! I went back to the house that morning with the most absolute sense of security and happiness; but on the threshold of the breakfast-room I met my husband, and the first glance at his face told me something was wrong. His face was always grave—it was now stern; his manner was always reserved—it was now severe.

I had approached him naturally with smiling face and outstretched hand, anticipating his congratulations; but I stood still at once, as efficiently arrested as if he had held a drawn sword at my breast.

"That is right," he said, "come no nearer!" Then, after a pause, he added: "You have been up some time; let us have breakfast at once," and he opened the door of the room for me to enter. I took my place, and went through the accustomed forms without a word. I saw he wished me to eat and drink, and I did so, although the effort nearly choked me. Indeed, I was thankful for the few minutes' respite, and was striving to command my resources for the approaching conflict with all the strength of mind I possessed. I was not altogether ignorant of what had come upon me; there could be between us but that one point of disunion, that one cause of reproach; and surely, surely, neither God nor man could condemn me as without excuse upon that score!

While I ate, he walked deliberately up and down the room, making no pretence to eat; and as soon as I had finished, he rang the bell to have the table cleared, and then sat down before it opposite to me.

"We have friends asked to dinner to-day to celebrate the double anniversary of our marriage and your birthday—have we not?" he said, leaning his arms heavily on the table, and gazing steadily into my face. "I shall not meet them. I fear it will be impossible for me ever to recognize you as my wife again."

I think he expected that the cruel abruptness of this announcement would strike me swooning, or at least convicted, at his feet; but it did not. My heart did for a moment seem to stand still, and every drop of blood faded from my cheeks, but I did not tremble or flinch under his hard scrutiny. I was even able to speak.

"Tell me at once," I said, "the meaning of this. You are under some delusion. What have I done?"

As I spoke his face softened; I could see, in spite of the iron mould of his physiognomy, the instinctive hope, the passionate yearning produced by my manner; it was very evanescent, however, for almost before I had gathered courage from the look it was gone, and all the hardness had returned.

"I am not the man," he said, "to bring a premature or rash accusation especially against the woman I have made my wife. I accuse you of having deceived me, and here is the proof."

He opened his pocket-book slowly, and took out a letter. I recognized it instantly, and my heart sank. I had sufficient self-command to repress the cry that rose instinctively to my lips, but no effort could keep back the burning glow which dyed face and hands like conscious guilt.

My husband looked at me steadily, and his lip curled. "I will read the letter," he said. The letter began thus: "You have told me again and again that you loved me; were those words a lie? You shall not make good your Moloch offering, and sacrifice religion and virtue, body and soul, youth and happiness, to your insatiate craving after position and wealth. This man is too good to be cajoled. What if I showed him the pledges of your love? taught him the reliance that is to be placed on your faith? Why should you reckon upon my submission to your perjury?—"

The letter ran on to a great length, mingling vehement reproaches with appeals and protestations of such unbridled passion that as my husband read them his voice took a tone of deeper scorn, and his brow a heavier contraction.

The letter was addressed to me on the back of the same sheet on which it was written; it was not dated beyond "Tuesday evening," but the post-mark, unusually legible, showed May 19, 1850—just three days before we were married. My husband indicated these facts with the same deliberation that had marked his conduct throughout, and then he said: "I found this letter last night in your dressing-room after you had left it; perhaps I ought not to have read it, but it would have been worse than mockery to make any excuse for so doing. I have nothing more to say until I have listened to your explanation. You tell me I am under a delusion—it will therefore be necessary for you to prove that this letter is a forgery."

He leaned back in his chair as he spoke, and passed his hand over his forehead with a gesture of weariness; otherwise he had sustained his part in the scene with a cold insensibility, which seemed unnatural, and which filled me with the most dreadful foreboding of failure and misery. I did not misjudge him so far as to suppose for a moment that he was as insensible as he appeared, but I perceived that his tenacious and inflexible nature had been cut to the quick both in its intense pride and love, and that though the wound bled inwardly—bled mortally, perchance—he would never utter a cry, or even allow a pang.

Alas! alas! he would never forgive me. The concealment, the deception, as he would call it, which appeared to me justifiable, would seem crime and outrage in his eyes. I lowered my head beneath his searching gaze, and remained silent.

"You have nothing to say?" he inquired, after a vain pause for me to speak. "You cannot deny that letter? God is my witness," he said solemnly, "that I wish to be a merciful judge. I may hold extreme views of a girl's folly, a woman's weakness: you would only be vain and faithless, like your sex, if you had played with this young man's feelings, and deceived his hopes. Is this your explanation?"

It was a very snare of Satan offered for my fall—one easy lie. "I deceived him, but never you." And the way of forgiveness was open. I saw he was clinging to the hope with a concentrated eagerness it was impossible for him entirely to disguise. Oh! was it necessary for my punishment that the hard task should be made harder by that relenting glance?

I only hesitated for a moment; the discipline of the last five years had not left me so blind and weak as even in this supreme emergency to reject truth for expediency. However he might judge me, I must stand clear before God and my conscience.

"No, Malcolm," I said desperately; "the truth is rather as it first appeared to you. I have been guilty in this matter, but my fault is surely one that you will consent to pardon; for even were it greater, I think our five years of happy union might turn the scale in my favor."

"Yes," he said; "you have borne with the difficulties of my temper with angelic patience, until the passion which induced me to marry you, despite of many obstacles, was weakness in comparison with the love I had for you—yesterday. Only tell me I have not been your dupe throughout—only—" He broke off abruptly. "I can bear no more fencing round the point," he said harshly; "one word is enough—did you love this youth?"

"I did, from childhood, with all my heart and soul."

"Up to the date of that letter?" he asked quietly, but the muscles worked round the clenched lips.

"Yes, and beyond it," I found courage to say; but hardly had the words been spoken, when I felt I had exceeded the limit of his endurance. An involuntary oath escaped his lips.

I saw there was no hope for me in deprecation and irresolution; I must speak to the point, and decisively. "I have a right to be heard before I am condemned," I said, "and I claim my right. I confess I loved the youth who wrote that letter, but it would have been a miracle had it been otherwise. You know from what a life you rescued me: a prisoner in the dull rooms above my father's book-store, without a pleasure, a friend, a hope in life. You were astonished at my proficiency in unusual studies: if at that time an active brain had not driven me to intellectual labor I should have gone mad in the midst of my austere and desperate loneliness. I was scarcely fifteen when Duncan Forsyth, a kinsman of my father's, came to study medicine in our city university, and to live as boarder in our house. I say it was inevitable that such a connection should in due course ripen into love. He was young, gifted and attractive, but it would have needed but half his endowments to win my heart then. I was nothing but a blind, passionate child, neglected utterly till he flattered, caressed and wooed me. I think he loved me with all the faculty of love he had, and for a time we were very happy. To me it was a delicious dream. Have patience with me, Malcolm; I must tell all the truth. My dream, at least, was brief enough; I soon awoke to discover, it little matters how, that the idol I was canonizing in my imagination, as the type of heroic virtue, was unworthy. For a while I would not believe; when conviction became inevitable I clung desperately to the forlorn hope of reform. It was in vain; his vices were too confirmed and tyrannous for even my influence—and it was great—to overcome. Then I gave him up. I thought the struggle would kill me; for my foolish soul clung to him desperately, but I could not mate with drunkenness and dishonor. My father, who had approved of our engagement, and who did not know or believe the facts concerning him, upbraided and coerced me; Duncan himself, relying on my weakness, tried all the skill he had to move me, till I was nearly frantic in my misery.

"It was just at this crisis that you first saw me, visited my father's book-store, and desired to be made known to me. What fol-

lowed, I need not tell. You told me you loved me well enough to marry me, despite of social inferiority. If I thought I could love you in return—if I had a young girl's free heart to give you. You insisted upon this, Malcolm—I dare not deny it—and I came to you with a lie in my right hand! Here lies my offence, and, God knows, I do not wish to palliate it; but before you utterly condemn me, consider the temptation. My father forbade Duncan the house, and threatened me if I dared to tell you the truth concerning him; but I hardly think that would have moved me, had I not persuaded myself also that I was justified in deceiving you. Had I told you I loved Duncan Forsyth, you would have given me up, and shut against me all the vague but glorious hopes such an alliance offered; but more than all, I knew this unworthy love must soon die out, and that my deep recognition and reverence for your goodness and excellence would end in an affection stronger and deeper than the weak passion of a girl. Before God, I vowed to do my duty; from that hour, I have striven, with His help, to keep my vow; and save in that preliminary falsehood, Malcolm, I have never wronged you."

My husband had recovered his self-command while I was speaking, but the last phrase seemed to overthrow it again.

"Wronged me!" he repeated, and the intonation, quiet as it was, thrilled me like physical pain, it was so hard and unrelenting. "I wish to be calm, Ellinor," he continued, "and therefore I will speak briefly. You seem to think you have extenuated yourself by your confession. To my heart and mind, you are condemned past forgiveness. Nay, do not plead or protest," he said, with a haughty movement of restraint, as I was about to approach him; "it is a point for feeling, not casuistry to decide. You understand fully the delusion under which I married you. I imagined I took to my arms a pure-hearted girl, fresh and innocent as her seclusion warranted me to believe her: instead of that, I find myself to have been cajoled by a disappointed woman, with a heart exhausted by precocious passion. You think it excuse sufficient that it was your *interest* to deceive me; to my mind, the fact adds only insult to the injury. Ellinor, you have ruined the happiness of my life. While I have been resting on the solace of your love, worshipping you for your sweet patience with a temper roughened by many causes unknown to your inexperience, it has all been the insensibility of pre-occupation, or at best a miserable calculation of duty. So gross is your sense of conjugal faith, that because your treachery has been only of the heart, you dare to say you have never wronged me, and to call upon God to approve your virtue because the lapse of time and better influences, I trust, have enabled you to school a disgraceful passion, and offer a measure of regard in return for the immeasurable devotion I have felt for you."

He paused in spite of himself, unable to proceed, and before he could prevent me, I had thrown myself at his feet. It was in vain to argue—to fight against his hard words; I could only implore.

"Malcolm," I cried, "you cannot believe what you say. Your affection has been the chief happiness of my happy life; you could not desire, you could not exact from a wife a deeper love, more entire and minute, than I feel for you. Forgive this one deception, Malcolm; believe me now."

I would fain have been eloquent, but sobs choked my voice. I was completely overcome; and when he forcibly extricated himself from my hold, I fell almost prostrate at his feet. He lifted me up coldly, but courteously, and placed me on the sofa.

"Pardon me," he said; "this excitement is too much for you, and can do no good. When you are calmer, we will conclude this matter."

There was the same cruel decision of tone and aspect in his manner which had marked it throughout the interview, and which convinced me he still adhered to his original purpose. I felt my situation was desperate, and that the time for prayers and tears was over. Were all my hopes of the future—his happiness, too, in which was involved my own—to be dashed to pieces against the rock of his unjust severity? Was it required of me to submit passively to disgrace and misery? In a moment, I too had taken my resolve, and conquered my agitation; I rose up nerved and calm, and spoke accordingly.

"One word before you leave me," I said. "However this ends between us, you do not, I suppose, desire to inflict upon me unnecessary shame and exposure? I request you as a personal favor—it may be the last I shall ever ask—to postpone your decision till to-morrow, and help me to-day to entertain our friends as much as possible in the accustomed manner. Do you hesitate, Malcolm?"

His face flushed; some impulse seemed to incline him to refuse, but he checked it.

"It shall be as you desire," he said, coldly; and left me alone—alone with the conviction of a blasted life!

For a few moments, with my hands clasped over my eyes, to shut out the redundant sunshine, I sat trying to realize my position. Granting that the threatened separation was effected with a so-called due regard to my honor and future relations with society, all that I valued and cared for in life would be irremediably destroyed. What honor remains to the wife repudiated by an honorable husband? What chance of happiness for her when at the same time he is the centre of her affection, of all her worldly ambition and hope? Doubtless, I was tolerant to my own transgression, but I alone knew the force of the temptation. I alone knew—what, alas! I felt my husband would never believe—how near extinction was the old love smouldering beneath its own contempt, and how strong the gratitude and esteem he had already excited. Oh, could I but convince him of my love for him! I rose up and paced the room. I felt he judged me harshly, was severe even to cruelty; but then I knew the innate inflexibility of his temper, and his rigorous sense of truth and duty. I knew how love, pride, and self-esteem had been all alike wounded, and I pitied him even in the extremity of my misery almost more than I pitied myself. Still, I would not accept my ruin at his relentless hands; I was a true wife, and would not submit to the position of a false one. I had vowed to love and honor him till death parted us, and nothing but compulsion should make me abandon my post.

I scarcely knew how I got through that day; but the necessity for self-command was so stringent, that I could not but meet it. Fortunately, our guests were only a few country neighbors, for it was in the height of the London season, and I in some measure supported myself by the belief that their unsuspicious cordiality was not likely to make any discoveries. Mr. Anstruther's hospitality was always splendid, and his deportment as host peculiarly gracious and inviting, and if there was any difference on this occasion, it would be impalpable to all but a very keen observer. I perceived, indeed, a change in the aspect of the countenance I had long studied so closely, and beyond that, the intonation of his voice when addressing me fell hard and constrained upon my shrinking ear. It was over at last; and I saw our last guest depart smiling and congratulatory with the consolation at least left me that I had acted my part successfully.

The next day the trial was renewed. Mr. Anstruther wrote me a few words, saying it was his intention to return to his parliamentary duties that day, and that he deemed it advisable I should remain in the country. His final determination and all accessory arrangements should be made known to me through the family lawyer, which would spare the pain of a second interview. "Cruel," I said to myself, crushing the letter in my nervous hand, and for a moment a passionate feeling rose in my heart that I would suffer things to take their hard course, and leave duty and effort unattempted. It was but a brief paroxysm; for at the same instant I saw a tiny, white-robed figure flitting across the lawn towards my open window, and the sweet, shrill voice of our little daughter crying aloud, "Mamma, mamma, may I come in?" I stepped out and met her; stooped down and kissed the eager, upturned face; and with that quiet kiss I renewed my vow, and strengthened it with a prayer.

"My darling," I said, "go into papa's study, and tell him mamma is coming to speak to him, if he is not busy." She ran away on her errand, and I followed at once; I did not mean to be refused. It was well I did so, for he had already risen, as if to leave the room, and had taken the child in his arms to carry her away with him. As I entered, his face flushed with a mixed expression of anger and pain; but he was soon calm again, sent away our little girl, and then placed me a chair. "There is no occasion for me to sit," I said, with a voice as steady as concentrated resolution could make it; "I shall not need to detain you long. I come to say, Malcolm, that I am quite willing to obey you so far as to remain here while you return to London, but that I must positively refuse to have any interview with your lawyer."

"You refuse!"

"I do refuse, and that finally," I pursued, "for it would answer no end. I could only tell him what I come now to tell you, that no power save physical coercion shall separate me from you. I know it is in vain to extenuate my fault in your eyes, but it is at least one on which no legal proceedings can be raised; you cannot divorce your wife because she told you an ante-nuptial lie. It remains to you to abandon or malign her, but I will be accessory to no mutual arrangement. My duty is by your side while life lasts, whether in weal or woe, and I will hold my post. That is, henceforth I will consider this our home, and will remain here, unless driven from it. I am now, as before, your true wife in heart and soul, as in word and deed, as anxious to fulfill my sweet duty to you, with no hope in life so strong as your forgiveness."

I had said my say, and was going, for I dared not trust myself longer, dared not even look into my husband's face to read the effect of my words, but he arrested me with a peremptory motion.

"Am I to understand, Ellinor, that you mean to defy my determined purpose, and in spite of alienation and contempt, to insist upon the shelter of my roof, or rather to exile me from a place which would be intolerable under such circumstances? Do not be afraid, if you will consent to a formal separation, that the terms of it shall fall in all possible delicacy and liberality, but I cannot live with the wife who has cheated me of her first kiss."

"I am resolved," I answered. "I am able to say no more. I think I see my duty plain, and I mean to strive to do it. You must follow your own will, it will be for me to endure."

He paced the room in strong excitement.

"I cannot bear it," he said; "it would eat my life out! You shall have our child, Ellinor, if she is the motive of this strange, unwomanly resolution. Far be it from me to torture the heart of the mother. She shall be yours unreservedly, and her interests shall never suffer one whit. You know how I love that little creature; there was but one thing dearer; judge, then, by this of my intense desire to sever the connection between us."

"Cruel! unmerciful!" I exclaimed, with an impulse of bitterness I could not resist, but I stopped as soon as the words had escaped me: to upbraid was no part of my purpose.

"It is in vain," I said, "to think to move me by any words, however harsh. I have nothing more to say. Let me go, Malcolm;" and I turned and fled from the room.

PART II.

Then began as hard a struggle as any woman could have been called upon to endure. My husband went up to town that same day, and parliament sat late that year. During all that time he never wrote to me, nor, save from a casual notice of him in the papers, did I know anything of his movements. The intolerable suspense and misery of such a separation may be conceived. My love for him, indeed, was no mere dutiful regard, but of that profound yet passionate nature which men of his sterh and reticent character seem calculated, by a strange contrariety, to excite. Add to this, that I knew myself to be exposed to the pitying wonder and suspicion of the world at large.

Mr. Anstruther's character stood above imputation, but I at the best was but a successful *parvenue*, and had at length, no doubt, stumbled into some atrocious fault beyond even his infatuation to overlook. The very servants of the household whispered and marvelled about me; it was inevitable that they should do so, but all this added bitterness to anguish.

Worst of all, there was a wistful look in Florry's childish eyes, and a pathos in her voice as she pressed against my side, to stroke my cheek, and say, "Poor mamma!" which almost broke my heart with mingled grief and shame. She too had learned in her nursery that her mother had become an object of compassion.

It was the deep sense of pain and humiliation which my child's pity excited, which aroused me to make some attempt to relieve my position. I sat down and wrote to my husband. I wrote quietly and temperately, though there was almost the delirium of despair in my heart. I had proved that an appeal to his feelings would be in vain, and I therefore directed my arguments to his justice.

I represented to him briefly that his prolonged neglect and desertion would soon irretrievably place me in the eyes of the world in the position of a guilty wife, and that for my own sake, but still more for the sake of our daughter, I protested against such injustice. I told him he was blighting two lives, and entreated him, if forgiveness was still impossible, at least to keep up the semblance of respect. I proposed to join him in London immediately, or to remain where I was, on condition of his returning home as soon as parliament was prorogued.

I waited with unspeakable impatience for a reply to this letter, and the next post brought it. How I blessed my husband's clemency for this relief! My trembling hands could scarcely break the seal; the consideration of the said difference between the past and present seemed to overwhelm me—it was not thus I had been accustomed to open my husband's letters, feeling like a criminal condemned to read his own warrant of condemnation.

The letter was brief, and ran thus:

"As the late events between us have been the subject of my intense and incessant deliberation since we parted, I am able, Ellinor, to reply to your letter at once. I consent to return and attempt the life of hollow deception you demand, under the expectation that you will soon become convinced of its impracticability, and will then, I conclude, be willing to consent to the formal separation which it is still my wish and purpose to effect."

"Never!" I said, crushing the hard letter between my hands, and then my passion, long suppressed, burst forth, and throwing myself on my knees by my bedside, I wept and groaned in agony of soul. Oh! I had hoped till then—hoped that he might have softened him, that the past must have pleaded with him for the abandonment of that one transgression. Had my sin been indeed so great that the punishment was unendurable? And then I thought—and over again, as I had done a thousand times before in that dreary interval, weighing my temptation against my offence, and trying to place myself in my husband's position, I did not wish to justify it, it was a gross deception, a deliberate falseness, but then I was willing to prostrate myself in the dust, both before God and my husband, and to beg forgiveness on the lowest terms of humiliation and penitence. But the pardon granted me by the Divine, was steadily refused by the human judge against his hard impenitency I might dash my bleeding heart in vain. What should I do? What should I do? Which was the path of duty? And frail and passionate as I was, how could I hold on in such a ragged way? Had I not better surrender—suffer myself to be put away, as he desired, and close the door of hope on what was left of life? My child—he said he would give me up my child. Then resolution arose renewed. For that child's sake, I would not yield. I could not endure the thought of separating her from such a father's love, care, and protection, and of chastening with sorrow and humiliation her opening girlhood. No; with God's help, she should yet honor and revere her mother. However my husband judged me, that one fault had not cut me off from all moral effort hereafter. I would not be vanquished by it. I would, as I had said, keep my post as wife, insist, if need be, on external forms, and leave no means untried of patience, meekness, and womanly art, to melt down the iron barrier between us.

I should weary the reader if I detailed all the minute plans I formed, but at last I rose up from the prayers by which I strove to strengthen and sanctify my purpose with a firm heart and new-born hope of success. That evening, I sent for Florry to keep me company in the drawing-room; I told her her favorite stories, played her her favorite tunes, and joined with her in singing a simple evening hymn, which was her supreme delight. Then I took her up to the nursery myself, and bade her good-night with as much of the serene feeling of old as perhaps I could ever hope to know again.

I also, holding my husband's letter in my hand, told the assembled servants I expected their master home to-morrow, and gave the necessary orders in such a natural and collected manner as must have gone far to disarm their suspicions. Then the long night—then the expected day. I knew the hour when he must necessarily arrive, and, taking Florry with me, I went to a certain part of the grounds which commanded a view of the public road. I was externally calm, the morning's discipline had made me that, but the subdued excitement was intense. Florry ran and chattered by my side as children do, little guessing, poor innocence, the cruel strain they often make on their mother's patience. It chanced, as sometime happens, that the very intensity of our anxiety caused us to miss our object; the train was evidently behind time, and our attention, so long kept at full stretch, began to slacken, so that when Florry, who had wandered to some little distance from me, espied the carriage, it was so near the park gates, that there was no chance of our reaching the house before it. I was vexed at my purpose being thus partially defeated, and, taking the child's hand, hurried back by the shortest route.

Mr. Anstruther was waiting for us in the anteroom. Still holding Florry's hand, I went in to face the dreaded meeting. The first glance at his face nearly overcame me; he looked so worn and harrassed—true, that might have been from parliamentary hours and hard committee work, but it is a plea a woman's heart can rarely withstand. Florry ran into his arms, talking eagerly of how glad we were to see him, and how dull poor mamma had been without him, and the momentary diversion gave me time to rally my failing calmness. "We are very glad you are come home, Malcolm," I said at last approaching him, and laying my hand on his. "Are you very tired? Do eat something before dinner to-day."

Perhaps my self-possession was overdone, so difficult is it in such cases to keep the golden mean, for I saw the internal scowl it moved even to his forehead, and he replied in a hurried voice, accidentally removing the pressure of my hand. "I could scarcely sit down to table in this state. I shall not keep you waiting long," and with Florry in his arms, I could see how heightened the impatience of the child—he left the room.

I did not appear again, saving, through I was sick at heart. I had ordained a meal of something delicate, and had fortified myself to endure it. I sat there thinking till I heard him come down stairs, and then I went into the drawing-room. Immediately on my entrance, dinner was announced, and he offered his arm to lead me to the room, just as he had always been accustomed to do when we were alone. There was no hesitation, no perceptible difference in his manner. I was he had made up his mind to do it. During dinner, we talked but little, but even in days of old he had been wont to be absent and taciturn. Florry came in with the dessert—and her sweet prattle was felt to be a gracious relief by both. I soon rose and took her away with me, keeping her with me, and amusing her with talk and music until her bedtime. My husband joined me at the usual time, and though he did not voluntarily converse, he replied to anything I said without apparent constraint. Before the servants, his manners were scrupulously as of old; indeed, so undemonstrative was his natural character, that it required no very great effort for him to appear the same. I instead felt a radical difference, which cut me to the heart. The hard tone, the averted or chilly glance, convinced me of the reality of our altered relations. Could I live such a life as this? so near, yet so far off. I had a vague perception that every day we spent like this would make the separation more complete and fatal. Had I not better make one last attempt before I was chilled into silence and fear of him? Perhaps he resented the dignified and all but peremptory tone I had assumed in my letter, and was still to be moved by entreaty and penitence. Acting on the vague hope, I put down the work on which I had tried to engage myself, and went up to the sofa on which he was lying.

"Malcolm," I said, leaning over the head of it, partly to sustain my trembling limbs, partly to secure a position of advantage, "is this the way we are to live together? I can not resign myself to it without a word, without knowing better what are your feelings towards me. Am I to believe you will never forgive me? Do you hate me?"

He rose impatiently from his recumbent attitude, so as to be able to look into my face. "What do you mean by forgiveness, Ellinor?" was his answer—"the old love and esteem restored? Your own sense must convince you you ask an impossibility—a broken mirror can't be pieced again. Don't let us rake up the miserable ashes of our feud. I am here at your desire, willing to maintain your credit in the eyes of society. I have yielded so far out of regard for our little girl, of a solemn consideration of my own marriage vows, and your exemplary performance of a wife's external duty. Do your duty now, Ellinor, and obey me when I charge you not to urge me on this topic again; it is unwise."

"This night shall be the last time," I said; "so suffer me to ask you one more question. Do you doubt my assurances of affection for yourself? Can you believe, in the face of the evidence of all our married life, that however I deceived you in the beginning, I did not soon bring to a wife's duty a wife's entire and passionate devotion?"

"Ellinor," he exclaimed, with sudden excitement, "you are mad to torment me thus. You compel me to say what had better remain unsaid. I repudiate your boasted love, which you parade as if it were the triumph of virtue. Had it been mine, as I believed and you swore it was before God, it should have been the crown and glory of my life; as it is, I care nothing for a sentiment provoked by habit, and cherished as a point of calculated duty. One word more you think me cruelly intolerant, but I must follow the bent of my nature. Some lies I could forgive, or even, perhaps, some grosser sins, but yours cheated me into an irrevocable act, and defrauded me of the best and strongest feelings of my nature. Do I hate you? No, I cannot hate Florry's mother and my own intimate and cherished companion; but I hate myself for having been beholded so grossly, and almost loathe the wealth and its accessories for which you perjured your soul."

I was silent, but it was by a powerful effort. I could scarcely restrain myself, with all my power of self-control, from saying, "Now that I understand you fully, let us part; I could not brook the mockery of intercourse." But the thought of Florry closed my struggling lips. "For her sake, for her sake," I repeated to myself. "The last hope, the last, the last chance of happiness is gone, but duty remains." I looked up at my husband deadly pale, I know, but calm. "Are you resolved," I asked, "to separate from me eventually? I claim it from your honor to answer me that question now."

"I care little," he said bitterly. "The sharpness of the sting must abate some day, and we shall become indifferent, like our neighbors, mean while the effort may be salutary. No," he added haughtily, as he perceived I was not satisfied with the reply, "I am willing to pledge my word that I will never force you into a separation on this account. So long as you think proper to claim my protection, it is yours, nay we must avoid such scenes as these," and so the case stood between us.

From that time my life became a sickening nonentity. To all appearance there was no change in our relations; we went the same round in social life and old and old, as I have said before, my husband's natural character gave little scope for self-betrayal. Occasionally some outside comments reached us, but they were generally expressions of the belief that Mr. Anstruther's temper was becoming more morose than ever, and of pity for the poor wife who suffered from it. He certainly did become more irritable, and sometimes I could see that the effort to restrain it was apparent in my unusually prudent reserve. In time, nature was growing weary and worn out. It was not so much trouble to myself that these efforts were manifested, as to keep me from a conflict over our relations, which I dreaded as the only chance left for a change for the better. I could not endure to see my husband's face harden and darken day by day, and I felt that I must speak. Florry and my husband were the only objects of my world at large. He had always been very much absorbed in political affairs, and ambitious for distinction, but now he seemed to throw heart and soul into them. He spoke in the arena, and struggled for the stakes with the excitement of a gambler. There had ceased to be any communication between us. In past days we used sometimes to read the papers and reports and debates that had been chosen with me, and I was proud to believe my influence had often assisted with him the good. I cannot describe the intensity of my misery at this time. Not to speak of alienation and mistrust in the midst of daily intercourse, which alone contains almost the bitterness of death, I saw myself the cause of deterioration in one dearer to me than life, and He who meted my punishment to my offence knows that no heavier cross could have been laid upon me. Once or twice, I again attempted expostulation, but I soon learned to desist; it was of no avail: but to provoke some hard reply, which would otherwise have remained unspoken. Then I turned to my daughter: it was for her sake I endured this life, this daily martyrdom, and I would not miss my reward. I devoted myself to her education, so far as my numerous avocations allowed, for I was scrupulous in the performance of all the duties of my station, and in any which my husband would suffer me still to perform for him. I strove with intense anxiety to make her attractive to her father, and to cultivate her affection and esteem for him. That he loved her passionately, I knew, but, as was his wont, he manifested the feeling but little; perhaps in this case he was checked by her inevitable preference for her mother, or by the difficulty of ever having her to himself. To me, she was the one solace and spur of existence, and life began to brighten when, resigned to suffer myself, I dreamed and planned her future.

Thus more than a year passed on monotonously, fruitlessly, so far as I could see, for my husband was as far off from me as ever. Sometimes, indeed, I hoped I had extorted some portion of respect from him by the sustained performance of my routine of duty, but his heart seemed turned to stone.

At last the gloomy depth was stirred. O God! I had prayed for the movement of the healing angel's wing, not for a stroke of judgment.

One evening during the session, I was sitting up awaiting his return from the House. I was not accustomed to do so, but on this occasion I was deeply interested in the result of the night's debate, and added to that, I was uneasy about Florry, who had been slightly ailing all day, and seemed increasingly restless as the evening advanced. When he came in, he looked surprised to see me up, for it was already nearly three o'clock in the morning, and I could see that he seemed wearied and annoyed.

"You are anxious, I suppose," he said, "for the news I bring? Well, the ministers are thrown out."

I knew he, and indeed the country in general, had been quite unprepared for such a result, and that personally it was a severe mortification to him. As I involuntarily looked at him with an expression of earnest concern I hardly ventured to express, I saw his face soften. Perhaps in that moment of vexation, he yearned for the sympathy of old. Should I dare to risk another appeal?

"Malcolm," I said; but at the now unfamiliar name, his brow clouded again, and I finished my speech with some unmeasured expression of regret. I knew I should damage my cause if I were to attempt to press into my service a momentary weakness he was ashamed to feel. I could not, however, command my feelings sufficiently to speak of Florry, and after leaving him, I flew upstairs to my child's room, and putting down my candle, sunk on my knees by her bedside. Oh, how my heart ached! I felt this life was killing me, and that one of my moments of abandonment was come. Before, however, I gave full vent to my tears I paused midway, as it were, to look at Florry, and that look dried them up. I felt my cheek blanch, my eyes start; I felt—who has not felt it?—a premonitory horror chill my blood. I had left her pale and restless an hour before, now her face was tinged with a crimson heat, her lips dry and parted, and she was moaning heavily. I touched her burning hand, her burning brow, and the shadow of that awful calamity seemed to fall before me. I did not mean, I did not even appeal for sympathy—I entered my heart.

Mr. Anstruther I knew was still up. I went down stairs with a strange quietness, and re-entered the room.

"I do not wish to alarm you," I said, and my own voice had a strange sound to me, "but Florry is not well. She has been ailing all day, but her appearance now frightens me. Will you send some one for a physician at once?"

I waited for no reply, but went back to the room. The fire in the grate was said, but not lighted. I kindled it. I changed my evening dress for a morning gown, being all mechanically, as if under a spell. I could not resist. Then I sat down by the bedside to watch my child and to ask the doctor. I was resolved all my faculties on composure, to hear, must bind my eyes, to control utterance, my hand, and then again hold reached its cruise, then let life and hope go out together.

My husband and the doctor came in after what seemed to me an intolerable interval, but of fact I only was full aware. When known and in such cases how the very word seems burning on the physician's first glance, that he has no doubt from it? I think death. The dearly preferential gaze did not deceive me, but the shock was beyond my tutored resolution, and I fell senseless on the floor.

I only recall it as but a vague sensation. For me it knew days that could be, was left alone. I held my post in consciousness of fatigue, enabled to comfort and console, and even smile again my darkening sorrow, but tried struggle with death. Once vowed my stubborn heart, and vowed now with the might of unbroken will. I seemed in the strong light of the close long ago to see the past more clearly, to discern more than I had not hitherto my self sufficiently under the chastisement of my sin.

It was midnight when she died. I was holding in my arms, bruised and grief-stricken, as I was then, unspeakable change passed over her face and hers which tells the sinking heart for a short hour to come. The alarming breath fluttered on my cheek, the look of love that still lingered in the glazing eyes fixed upon my face died out, and I was childless.

My husband was standing at the foot of the bed, watching the scene with an agony all the keener that he suffered no expression of it to

SOYER'S KITCHEN FOR THE ARMY.

The cooking carriage, contrived by Soyer for the Allied Armies in the Crimea, is made of sheet-iron, weighing with water, fuel, etc., a little more than one ton. The lower part consists of a circular steam boiler, and the upper part of an oven. Over the oven are placed the various pans containing the rations required to be cooked by steam, and on each side is a hanging shelf, which will also hold steam saucepans in front, and round the driver's seat is a reservoir for water, and a place to hold the condiments, etc.

The plan of working it would be to draw it near to a stream or reservoir of water, if brackish or muddy it does not matter, as any tainted water is made good by first converting it into steam, then fill the boiler and reservoir, and remove it to any convenient spot. The fuel may consist of wood, coal, turf, etc., etc. Within one hour after the fire is lighted, the steam would be up, and the oven hot; and with one six feet long and three feet wide, rations for 1,000 men could be cooked by baking and steaming in about two hours, and the apparatus moved on again; or it would cook whilst on the march, if on an even road.

Its advantages are, saving of time, labor, men, and food, and the certainty that the men could get their food properly cooked.

It is worthy the attention of our regiments now in the field.

escape, but as the last faint struggle ceased, and the baby-head fell prone upon my breast, I saw the strong frame quiver, and drops of perspiration start upon his forehead.

"God forgive me," he said in a stifled whisper, "for every harsh word spoken to that angel child!" Then as his eyes fell, as if involuntarily, upon me, the expression of stern anguish softened for a moment to one of pitying tenderness. "Poor Elinor! poor mother!" he added, "you think me a hard man, but God is my witness, I would have saved you that little life at the cost of my own."

"It would have been but a cruel compromise," I answered, "and yet O my darling, how I have loved you!"

My husband had turned away a moment, as if to pace the room, but at the sound of my cry of irrepressible anguish he came back hastily to the bedside, and bending over me, tried to separate me gently from the dead child in my arms.

As I felt the touch of his hand, his breath upon my cheek, caressing, warm as of old, it recalled, even in that moment of supreme bereavement, the passionate yearning of my heart, and yielding to the uncontrollable impulse, I threw my arms round his neck.

"Only give me back what is in your power," I cried. "give me back your love and trust—our old happiness, Malcolm, and even the death of our child will not seem too hard a sacrifice."

There was a moment's breathless pause, then he raised me in his arms, and strained me to his heart in a close vehement embrace.

"God forgive me," he said, "for what I have made you suffer! If your love has survived my long intolerance, I may well trust you, Elinor. If I have the power left to comfort you, he do me again all, and more than all that I remember in the sweet past. A hundred times during the last few melancholy days have I been on the point of confessing my injustice, and entreating your forgiveness; only it seemed to me a mean thing to take advantage of the softness of sorrow. Life is not bearable without you, Elinor; only satisfy me once more that I have not worn out your heart—that it is not magnanimity, but love."

"I did satisfy him. We began henceforth a new life, chastened, indeed, by the shadow of a little grave, but a life, I trust, humbler and more blessed than the old past had been.

FROM VANITY FAIR.

TOO MODEST.—A Savannah (Ga.) paper says that the secession leaders are as true as steel. That is too modest by half. They far surpass steel—they are Stealers.

BELLS WHICH SHOULD BE WELL HUNG.—Rebels.

FROM OUR MAN ABOUT TOWN.—When you raise extra spirits at the Hotels, you tip the Waiters, not the Tables.

DON'T DROP THE H.—The right to hang Northerners and born negroes is claimed by the rebels, and in consideration of this fact it seems to us that a certain standard motto or watchword, which the assassinating crew have adopted, ought to be varied, so as to read—

Strike for your Halters and your Fires.

A MELANCHOLY REVERSE.—When the editor of the Herald wants to be very funny, he speaks of the editor of the New York Evening Post as the "water-fowl poet" of that journal.

The cap, reversed, might fit the editor of the Herald, who, considering his well-known talent for versification and proclivity for aspersion, may well be called the "Foul Water Poet" of the journal over which he presides.

EXTREME DESTITUTION.—The want, so pending over the Confederacy must be beginning to make itself frightfully felt. Some despairing wretch, in the beginning of delirium, has actually been found to counterfeit the Treasury notes of the C. S. A. This is more hopeless than the endeavor of Dr. Dodd "our Week" to steal Indiana money before part.

Or, perhaps, it is an artistic device of the accountants to give a factitious value to their paper, by making the people believe that it is worth counterfeiting.

SENSATION PREACHING.—General Scott's cross in his report of his late visit to over Gen. Floyd, mentions that he "sent a few effect cannon shots after the enemy to produce a moral effect." What would Spurgeon think of that? Striking arguments no doubt, and emotionally presented were those cannon shot, and producing an awakening effect upon Floyd and his friends, although they were already wide awake enough to make off in the night. Might not the impression have been deepened by sending a few shells filled with tracts? Such, for example, as the "Parsoned Thief," "Parable of the Wise and Foolish Virginians," &c., would appeal strongly to their consciences. At any rate, it would be returning good for evil for the shells full of snakes to be sent over to Fort Pickens.

Surely Gen. Rosecrans, besides his military duties, should be created Chaplain General to the forces of the Union.

ENGLISH IGNORANCE.—Not long ago a distinguished lawyer doing business in London, called on the American consul residing in that city, and asked the latter if he would attend to sending out a commission to have some testimony taken in America, and upon receiving an affirmative reply, the lawyer asked the consul if it would be convenient for a witness to come into New York from Santa Fe, to give in his deposition. The learned counsel was dumbfounded when he learned for the first time that Santa Fe was three thousand miles from New York, and not, as he had supposed, a mere suburb of the city.—*Scientific American.*

☞ Of little human flowers, Death gathers many. He places them upon his bosom, and he is transformed into something less terrific than before. We learn to gaze and shudder not, for he carries in his arms the sweet blossom of our earthly hopes.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

We had almost believed that such singularly romantic and highly wrought stories as often appear in the literary papers were founded more upon fancy than fact, but after reading the extraordinary account of the doings of "Richard Guinness Hill, nephew of the celebrated banker and brewer of Dublin stout," as chronicled in late English papers, we have concluded to entertain a higher opinion in the future of those tales.

The particulars of the affair, as last before the magistrates at Rugby, present one of the most remarkable cases of fraud, duplicity and cruelty which probably ever occurred in England. It appears that Hill, who is about thirty two years of age, and a man of gentlemanly bearing, a few years ago married a grand daughter of Sir Francis Burnett, and protege of Miss Burdett Coutts. The interval between the time of marriage and the beginning of 1859 was passed by the happy pair in travelling, and without any apparent disturbance of their domestic felicity. In the early part of the above mentioned year, however, appeared a little stranger, for whose future welfare Hill became desirous to provide in a manner not at all usual, except in those aforementioned harrowing tales. A few days after the birth of the child, Hill adopted a course to destroy its identity, with the presumed object of possessing himself of certain property devised to it by a will made by Mrs. Hill, giving the whole to her offspring, which was considerable, she (Mrs. Hill) her husband in the event of no issue surviving her decease.

He first registered the child under a false name and description, and then ordered his wife to consent to its being put out to nurse in London, to which place he proceeded, and on his return stated that he had procured a suitable person to take charge of it. The mother believing her husband's statements, entrusted her child to the care of a girl fourteen years of age, the daughter of the woman who was in attendance upon her, who conveyed it by special train to the city, where she was met by Hill, who took charge to some portion of London, with which, as a country girl, she was unacquainted, deposited a box containing the child's clothing, and then returned to the railway station, when they were met by the woman to whom the child was given. Upon the return of the girl to Rugby, she intimated to Mrs. Hill that the child had been put into the hands of improper persons. Hill, however, combatted this assumption by assuring his wife that the girl was mistaken.

From time to time Mrs. Hill expressed the greatest anxiety regarding the welfare of her child, but her husband always asseverated that it was in proper hands and was progressing most satisfactorily. This state of things continued for about two years, and at length Mrs. Hill told her husband that she insisted upon seeing her child. He refused to comply with her request; a serious altercation took place, and he ultimately subjected her to gross ill usage. Upon this a separation took place; but a short time subsequently he made overtures to his wife to live with her again. She indignantly repelled his offers for a time, but at length promised to consider them favorably, provided he satisfied her as to what he had done with her infant. He informed her in return that it was dead, and she then demanded the register of its death, and pressed him upon this point. Being thus placed in a difficulty, he altered his story, stating that the nurse, in whose care he had placed the child, had left England for Australia, he providing the passage money.

Mrs. Hill, still doubting the truth of his statement, placed the matter in the hands of her solicitor, who at once employed a detective officer to clear away the mystery which surrounded the case.

The officer ascertained that a child had made its appearance in a house in St. Giles', about the time of the disappearance of the child in question, and after much trouble succeeded in tracing it to a tenement in a filthy alley in Drury Lane. After searching various rooms Brett, the detective, proceeded to a small apartment on the second floor. In the corner lay a man nearly naked, apparently in a dying state, and squatting all over the floor were several women in a most rags and filthy condition. The whole place was in a dreadful state, the smell from the filth being almost overpowering. On looking in this horrible den Brett discovered the heir to £14,000 a year, almost in a state of nudity, and covered with vermin and filth. No shoes were on the poor, and nothing of the kind enveloped the entire body. The boy were dreadfully scarred with the impressions of wounds no doubt inflicted by walking on them, while the head and body generally showed innumerable marks of severe blows and ill usage. The house from bottom to top appeared to be occupied by prostitutes and beggars. And the officer only escaped with his life from the den which he gained, his way through the swarm of people who blocked up every means of egress.

Mrs. Andrews, in whose charge was the child, being arrested the detective ascertained that on one occasion she was standing in Wentworth-street Houndsditch, singing doleful songs and star aces, but in reality begging with her two children, one in arms and the other in the gutter by her side, when Hill, passing her on a foreign errand, slipped a shilling into her hand. Hearing the woman repeated several times, he beckoned her to follow him to a back part of the street. She did so, and there he asked if she would take a child to nurse. Nothing loth to undertake the charge, she replied in the affirmative. Hill then kept the appointment, and at that meeting he agreed to give her £15 a year for taking care of the child, she had to do most of the same spot on the following Week. At that meeting he told her he was about to place where she would receive the child.

The latter appointment also was kept, but Mrs. Andrews was accompanied on this occasion by a woman, named Mrs. Scott, also Mary Ann Cotton, one of the Wentworth-street twelve months' imprisonment in Tothill Fields prison for robbing a gentleman in the street. She added that all three went in a cab to the Northwestern railway station, in Euston square, on the Wednesday night where they received the child, as stated by the girl. She related the conversation she had with the girl as to how the child had been treated at Rugby, she stated that her friend Scott, whom Lucy went to live with, or to a beer shop near the station, and there received £15 from him for them to take for child away.

She also stated that when she received the child it was wrapped in a shawl, which she afterwards pledged. Brett redeemed the shawl, which was identified by Mrs. Hill. The officer also obtained a box, which Mrs. Hill also identified as being the one sent with baby linen, sent by her with the child, and it was worthy of notice that the private mark, on the object of still further distressing monthly, cut out all the marks which has been inscribed upon the infant's clothing. Mrs. Andrews further stated that when the prisoner gave her the child he told her that the mother was dead, and that he was a clerk, going to travel on the continent, but he gave her another name in address. She did not believe "all was right," and ultimately had the child registered in her maiden name, which was Farebrother. Brett tested the truth of that statement, and found an entry in the book of the registrar of St. Giles', to the effect that on the 29th of February, 1859, a child, five weeks old, had been registered in the name of Albert Farebrother—the name given to the prisoner by the woman when she received the child.

To further prove the identity of the child, Brett went to every house where Mrs. Andrews had lived in St. Giles', from the time the child left Rugby to the hour of its recovery, and he found her statement true in every particular. He ascertained that on one occasion, when Mrs. Andrews went to prison for begging, the child, with her own, was placed in St. Giles' Workhouse, where it remained until she regained her liberty when she used it, as before, for the purpose of exciting the commiseration of the public in her begging expeditions. Scott, alias Idle, was seen in prison, and corroborated all the features of the case as detailed by Andrews, alias Farebrother. Upon its recovery, the child was restored to its mother. But, unfortunately, owing to the neglect from starvation and cold, it was still under the careful attention of eminent medical men, and its ultimate recovery was by no means certain. Upon the above facts being established Hill was arrested and held to bail for a further examination.

MISSOURI.

General Price's policy, after the capture of Lexington, is now ascertained. He had sent 4,000 men to cross the Missouri river, destroy the railroad, and thus cut off the United States troops in south west Missouri. But when Fremont marched up with 40,000 men to attack him, he withdrew from the detachment, changed his policy, and retreated south.

Fremont is now in command of thirty five thousand men and 132 pieces of artillery.

The force which a short time ago was magnified into such terrific proportions, is now given at from 15,000 to 18,000. A large number of men who gathered for the attack on Lexington have, however, left him. His retreat to join his army with that of McCulloch before fighting Fremont.

PENNSYLVANIA ELECTION.—The recent election in this city was complicated by there being three tickets, People's, Union, and Democratic. Thompson (P. and U.) was elected Sheriff by 146 majority over Ewing (Dem.)

For City Treasurer, McClintock, Dem., has 1,502 majority; for City Commissioner, Johnson, Dem., has 1,872 majority; for Register of Wills, McCullough, Dem., has 814 majority; for Clerk of the Orphans' Court, Stevenson, People's Union, has 986 majority.

The vote from the camps on the Potomac, &c., is not expected to be all in for a month. The *Ledger* says that Col. Small's regiment voted 298 People's to 120 Democratic—half the regiment not voting, owing to absence on duty, youth, &c. The reports are contradictory about the Germans. Complete returns are in yet from the state.

The Union ticket in Chester county has 4,000 majority, the Democratic in Berks 4,000 majority. The Democrats carry Westmoreland, Cambria, and York counties; the Republicans Erie, Alleghany, &c.

PLEASURES OF HIGH COMMAND.—The following from a recent letter in a Cincinnati paper, will afford an insight into the delights of high military command:

Since I saw General Fremont for the first time in Washington, some three months ago, his hair and beard have grown rapidly gray, and his face, which was then full, fresh, and youthful in appearance as to further nature, has become thin, wrinkled and haggard. If my eyes do not deceive me, and I do not think they do, he looks at least ten years older than he did then. The pressure of great responsibilities, exhausting mental labor, and the harrassments arising from the machinations of his enemies—of course I refer only to those who are actuated by personal or political motives, and not those who honestly object to him as to the man for the position—have left a deeper and more palpable impress upon his countenance than I have ever observed on any public man within so brief a time before.

☞ An editor of our acquaintance says that he is willing to pass for what he is worth. Well, we will take him—we want a little small change.—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ The first proclamation of Bonaparte to his army in Italy tells them that in the course of fourteen days they had gained six victories and destroyed two armies, that they had "gained battles without cannon, crossed rivers without pontoons, made forced marches without shoes, and watched all night under arms without brandy, and sometimes even without provisions;" that they had been "the first even of necessaries at the commencement of the campaign," but that now on the date of the proclamation "they enjoyed plenty;" for that "the magazines taken from the enemy were numerous." The above shows a little more Napoleon had to contend with.

☞ Attending Commencement at Amherst College, where Chief Magistrate of Massachusetts, Governor Briggs was asked by a lady to see to her daughter, whether he was a graduate of that College. "No madam," was the reply, "I graduated at a bad hour."

☞ A volunteer in a Wisconsin regiment, after speaking of his Light Guards, and mentioning regards to all his friends in Lattoose, says: "I have a good relief horse that I brought from the South. I thought the relief did not need him after a little trouble he and I had."

☞ A young lady at Niagara was heard to exclaim: "What an elegant mourning that rainbow would make for a white lace over dress!"

☞ "Have you dined?" said a hungry to his friend. "I have, upon my honor," replied he. "Then," resumed the first, "if you have dined upon your honor, I fear you have made but a scanty meal."

☞ Down East they put a fellow in jail for counseling. The substance chap had dread sign and sold it for sail.

Cursed be the social wants
That sin against the strength of youth;
Cursed be the social lies
That warp us from the living truth;
Cursed be the sickly forms
That err from honest nature's rule;
Accursed to the good that grow
The straightened forehead of a fool.

☞ A snowmaker has one great advantage over most kinds of mechanics—his goods, whenever finished, are always soiled.

☞ The soldier's great risk is that of becoming extinguished before he can become distinguished.

THE INCONSISTENCIES OF THE NEW YORK HERALD.

Readers generally must have short memories, or else how could he found who would not throw down so shamefully inconsistent a paper as the *New York Herald* in disgust. The *Tribune* has been to the trouble of collecting extracts from its recent articles respecting Gen. Fremont and his Proclamation, as follows: On the 2d of September, the day after the publication of Gen. Fremont's proclamation, the *Herald* spoke as follows:

"The energetic proclamation declaring the State of Missouri under martial law, and giving freedom to the slaves of all slave-owners found in arms against the Government, and the highly efficient state of organization to which the army of the Potomac has been already brought, go to show that the Government, the military authorities, and the people of the loyal States are duly impressed with the importance of the task before them, and are undertaking it with the proper spirit and energy. * * The pronouncements of Fremont will strike terror throughout the Border States."

On the next day, September 3, the *Herald* said:

"The rebellion must be put down by some means or another, else it will put us down, and if nothing else will do, even to proclaim the abolition of slavery would be legitimate. All is fair in war. * * Gen. Fremont and the other Generals must act according to circumstances, and their own judgment, unless when otherwise ordered—* * * If he is acting upon his own responsibility, he is only carrying out the Confiscation Act, so far as the slaves are concerned. * * * We have no fear of the result."

On the next day, Sept. 4, it said:

"This manifesto will be apt to stir up the Anti-Slavery enthusiasm of England to such a degree as to endanger the cotton Cabinet of Lords Palmerston and Russell, and the present cotton party supporting it."

Two days after, Sept. 6, it said:

"Fremont's proclamation was doubtless the result of careful deliberation, and will operate to make practical Union men of many Missouri slaveholders, who, with all their love for Secession, love their niggers still more. We have every indication that the strong medicines applied by Fremont to this Secession plague in Missouri will cure the patient as by a miracle."

And, on the same day

"Fremont ought to be vigorously supported by men and money, and arms and munitions of war."

On the next day, Sept. 7, it said:

"We apprehend that the danger to the rebels of having their slaves liberated will be apt to convince every slaveholder of the wisdom of adhering to the Union as the best security for their property."

On Sept. 9, it said:

"Gen. Fremont must be supplied with men and money without stint. Whatever money he needs should be placed immediately in his hands, so as to enable him to buy what he requires at once, and at such prices as can be obtained for, without delay, red tape, or circumlocution. * * *

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Princess Anna, of Denmark, one of the ladies spoken of as the destined bride for the Prince of Wales, is just fifteen; very fair, with a most brilliant complexion and lovely hair, clustering in thick curls about her neck and shoulders. Her royal highness has been most carefully brought up, and is possessed of a most splendid musical talent, cultivated to its utmost extent by the first masters in Europe. Altogether, she is considered one of the most accomplished princesses in Europe.

TACITUS says—"In the early ages man lived a life of innocence and simplicity."—Upon this a critic remarks:—"When was this period of innocence? The first woman went astray. The very first man that was born in the world killed the second. When did the time of simplicity begin?"

AN IMPORTANT DEAD LETTER.—A letter has turned up in the dead letter office, addressed to "Gen. Beauregard, by two or three small boys." It contains a ten dollar note and fifteen five hundred thousand dollars, eight per cent., to be paid into the treasury in one year after a recognition of the Confederate states.

A PRIVATE mysteriously disappeared over the house of Camp Chase, Lowell, one night last week. Yesterday the captain of the company received a letter of explanation, in which the eloquent private pleaded as apology that "he wanted to go home to kill a hog." He was "spelling" for blood.

SOLDIERS' FANCY FREE.—One of the Maine regiments, lately gone to Washington, out of one thousand men, had only five married men in it.

CHILLS AND FEVER.—A gentleman, who has lately been among our troops on the Upper Potomac, where the ague is quite prevalent, says that an extract of the common white plantain is a sure cure, keeping the leaves in whiskey, and taken before breakfast, and on mornings in succession, is even more certain than quinine in curing the chills and fever.

FURTHER correspondence from Dr. Russell is published in the Times. In one letter he says he has no doubt whatever of the ultimate power of the Northern and Western states to subjugate the seceded states, if they put forth all their strength.

THE London Post publishes the terms of the treaty between England, France and Spain, for immediate intervention in the affairs of Mexico. There is no intention of waging a territorial war; but the combined naval force of the three powers will occupy the principal ports on the Gulf, and will sequestrate the customs revenue at such ports, retaining one-half and paying the rest to the Mexican government. If Mexico sets the allied powers at defiance an effective blockade will be instantly established.

THE Montreal Advertiser says that before the season of navigation closes, the magazines at Quebec will be filled with an amount of military stores greater than they ever held before, with arms, cannon and equipments for an army of 100,000 men, and ammunition sufficient for a three years' war.

Dr. HAYES' Polar Expedition has arrived at Halifax, all well, except two men who died on the voyage. Dr. Hayes reached Smith's Sound, but could not penetrate it last season or this.

A NASHVILLE paper states that the Union men in Fentress county, Tenn., are very refractory, and that they have killed four or five secessionists and the county sheriff.

FROM the Richmond papers we learn that Gen. Lew Wallace's brigade has crossed Virginia with reinforcements. Floyd's army is said to be demoralized by its defeat at Carnifex Ferry. The disasters in that district are attributed to the incapacity of ex-Governor Wise, who personally presided at the court martialed. Gen. Lee has assumed the chief command there.

ON the person of John A. Washington was found a copy of the Indianapolis Sentinel, which contained an exact statement of the position and number of our troops under Reynolds.

GEORGIA (says the Richmond Enquirer) has set a noble example in providing for the winter clothing and comfort of her soldiers, at an expense of about $200,000. She has 30,000 in the field—20,000 being in Virginia. Tennessee is supposed to have 34 regiments of about 750 men each in the field—say 25,500—and 16 *companies* of cavalry and artillery, making 26,800 men in all.

A MISTAKE.—At St. Louis, the other day, a Georgian named Graves was arrested for shouting for Jeff Davis, and was taken before the Military Commission at the Arsenal. Perturbed at the prospect of undergoing military discipline, he solemnly averred that "if he *did* shout for Jeff. Davis, it was a mistake." The man he meant to shout for Jeff. Davis, Colonel of an Indiana regiment. He persuaded the officers to see his error in this light, took the oath of allegiance, and went his way. It was only a difference of a letter.

JAMES B. CLAY, the renegade son of "the gallant Harry," was captured by a boy not over sixteen! Altogether alone in a buggy, he was armed with two double shot guns and two navy revolvers. The boy quickly disarmed him, and he gave up without a shot!

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A THRONE DECLINED.—Don Juan de Bourbon, cousin of the Queen of Spain, in a letter lately published in the London Times, formally declines to accept the throne of Mexico, the proposition having been made with a view to pacificate that country. The Prince is on the alert for something better nearer home.

THE ENLISTMENT OF FOREIGNERS—GENERAL GARIBALDI.—The policy of the Government in regard to employing foreigners in the military service, is as follows, the statement being made on good authority:

1st. No one has been authorized to enlist or raise troops in Canada, as has been affected to be understood there.

2d. No commissions have been offered or other overtures made to military men in France or other European states, as has been assumed there.

3d. The Government has not tendered the command of the army to General Garibaldi, as has been represented in Europe.

What is true is—first, that every foreigner who has come with a good character and credentials, and offered his service to the Government for the support of the Union, has been accepted, and no other is in the military employment of the United States.

Second, General Garibaldi, being a natural ized citizen, it was reported to the Government by one of our consuls that the General was contemplating a visit to this country, and that he had intimated, conditionally, a disposition to engage in the service of the United States. He was informed that if this was so, his services would be accepted with pleasure, and he would receive a commission as Major General, being the same rank that was conferred on General Lafayette in the army of the Revolution.

General Garibaldi, upon consideration of the subject, has concluded not to offer his services at present, but thinks he may by-and-by revisit the United States.

NEW KIND OF ARTILLERY.—We hear some talk of the organization in this city of a novel artillery battalion, upon the same plan as the one now organizing at Richmond, Indiana. The battalion is to consist of 600 men, with one hundred guns—the guns to have the capacity of carrying a two pound ball two and-a-half miles. A portion of the guns required by the battalion will be made in Richmond. They will have steel barrels, and will be of a very superior workmanship. We do not pretend to any superior military knowledge, but it appears to us that a battalion of this description must be one of the most efficient in battle of any in the world. They are light of metal, but of long range, and are to be mounted upon light two-wheeled carriages, each carriage carrying its own ammunition box.

Instead of horses, with the trouble and time of hitching and unhitching, the men draw their own gun carriages, which, considering their extreme lightness, is less tedsome than carrying a musket and knapsack. There are six men to each gun, who, in addition, of course, carry pistols and small swords.

It is easy to perceive that in a battle, guns of this description could be handled with wonderful facility and with most deadly effect. Used against infantry or cavalry, a battalion of this description would be almost as effective as a dozen full batteries of light artillery, the equipment and outfit of which would cost ten times as much as the equipment and outfit of this novel battalion.—*Chicago Post.*

THE ATTACK ON THE FANNY IN HATTERAS INLET, AND AFTER ATTACK ON THE REBELS.—The Navy Department publishes a letter stating that the steamer Fanny, at the time of her capture in Hatteras Inlet was not in the service of the department, nor was her captain nor any of her crew. Some twenty of the Indiana regiment, and eight of a New York one, who were on board, under Capt. Hart, of the former, behaved disgracefully, according to the account. A large amount of stores were captured by the rebels. The soldiers' mess chest was among the crew escaping. The rebels had three tugs.

The U. S. steam frigate Susquehanna brings intelligence from Hatteras Inlet that, on the 8th, 2,400 rebels had crossed over from the main land and attacked the 20th Indiana regiment, compelling it to retreat. The regiment lost 50 men, taken prisoners, but brought off its tents, provisions, etc. It owed its escape to the darkness of the night. The Susquehanna and the Monticello, with a detachment of troops under Col. Hawkins, went to its assistance, and on Saturday, the 5th, the Monticello shelled the rebels and dispersed them with great slaughter. One of the fine caped prisoner reports that the first shell killed the colonel (Bartow) of a Georgia regiment, and he thinks killed and wounded 200 to 300 men.

CURE FOR FEVER AND AGUE.—We have a very useful plant, growing plenty in swampy and moist lands, in this country, especially plenty in the vicinity of Philadelphia, it is known by the name of Jeff. C. Davis, Colonel of an Indiana regiment. He persuaded the officers to see his error in this light, took the oath of allegiance, and went his way. It was only a difference of a letter.

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A MARRIAGE between two cousins of the Rothschild family has been arranged, and will take place in London. A great many million florins will meet on the occasion, and be consolidated.

THE Empress of Austria recently paid a visit to the British ship-of-the-line Queen at Corfu, and is described as going about very plainly dressed, in a white dress and round hat, "her magnificent hair and her lovely face her sole adornments."

A THRONE DECLINED.—Don Juan de Bourbon, cousin of the Queen of Spain, in a letter lately published in the London Times, formally declines to accept the throne of Mexico, the proposition having been made with a view to pacificate that country. The Prince is on the alert for something better nearer home.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.—Gen. Reynolds has driven the rebels under Gen. Lee from Big Spring, in Western Virginia. Part of the defeated force is at Elk Mountain, and part at Greenbrier bridge, thirty and forty miles from Elk water. The rebels destroyed camp equipage and ammunition, and left a number of wagons.

Gen. Rosecrans is at Mountain Cave, 25 miles beyond Gauley. He went further, but found the enemy too strong and well entrenched, and therefore retired, hoping to draw the rebels from their open fight; they did not, however, respond.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great depression in business, land warrants, under the act of 1855, amounting to upwards of 2,000,000 of acres, have been located during the year ending June 30th. The balance remaining out is very small. The government now owns 60,000,000 acres, which have been surveyed and offered for sale, and ready for private entry. Besides this, nearly 45,000,000 acres have been surveyed, but not put in the market, which may be taken up by pre emptors.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The week's sales foot up about 10,000 bbls, at $5.25@5.50 for common and good superfine; $5.62½@5.75 for Mills do; $5.90@6.25 for extras, and $6.87½@7 for extra family, including 1000 bbls at the latter rate; 3000 bbls do, part City Mills, on terms kept private; 500 bbls North Western extra do at $6.87½, and 200 bbls high grade Western family at $7.50 ₱ bbl. Rye Flour continues very scarce, and about 500 bbls have been disposed of, part to be made at $3.60@3.75 ₱ bbl, the latter for City Mills, which establishes a further advance. Corn Meal is dull, and rather lower, with small sales of Penna at $2.75 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat are moderate; sales reach about 55,000 bus, mostly for shipment, at 126@130c for prime red Penna and Western and Penna Winter do, 126@130c for Southern do, which is very scarce, and 135@145c for common to good and choice white, chiefly at 140c for prime Kentucky. Rye is better, and all offered, some 4000 bus, found buyers at 56@62c for Southern, and 60@62c for Penna. Corn is also better and very scarce, with sales of 30,000 bus at 58@61c for Western mixed, and 60@61½c for Penna and Southern Yellow. Oats are less active, and about 25,000 bus found buyers at 32@35c for prime Southern, and 34@35c for Penna. Barley is more inquired for, and sales of 3000 bus New York State are reported at 80c.

PROVISIONS—The market for barrelled meats is quiet, but Mess Pork is firm and selling more freely at $14.75@15 ₱ bbl, in a small way, at the highest figures. Mess Beef is worth $12@13—the latter for city packed. Bacon is firmer, with sales of Hams at 9@9½c for plain and fancy cured. Green meats are quiet and firm, and Shoulders in salt are saleable at 5@5½c ₱ lb. Lard is also better; tes and bbls are quoted at 9½@9½c, and kegs at 9½@9¾c ₱ lb, with sales. Butter continues dull at 8@9c for packed, and 10@11c for roll. Cheese is steady at 6½@7½c ₱ lb. Eggs are more active at 13c ₱ dozen.

COTTON has been limited, and the sales confined to small lots taken within the range of 18 to 23c for ordinary to middling and good middling quality, mostly at 22@23c ₱ lb, cash.

ASHES are unchanged, with limited sales of both Pots and Pearls.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron has fallen off, and prices are unsettled and lower, with sales of about 100 hhds, in lots, at $28@32 for first No. 1. The receipts and stocks are light. Tanners' Bark continues in demand and scarce, at $10 for Spanish and $8 ₱ cord for Chestnut Oak.

BEESWAX is quiet and quoted at 31@32c with but little offering or selling.

COAL—There is no alteration in prices, and the demand for Anthracite Coal for shipment and home use is only moderate for the season, with but few orders coming in from the East.

COFFEE—The want of stock, and the limitless of holders, has limited the week's operations to some 800@900 bags, mostly Rio, at 19@20c, including Laguayra, in small lots, at 19½@21c, all on the usual credit.

COPPER—There is very little doing, and the sales are mostly confined to yellow Metal at 19c, on time.

FEATHERS are unchanged, with a small business doing in western at 40@42c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—The sales are confined to Apples, which are scarce and selling at $1.50@3.50 per bbl, as to quality. Cranberries are steady at 90c@$1 ₱ bbl. Dried Fruit is firm, with light offerings, and sales at 3cents for Apples, and 6@7c ₱ lb for unpared Peaches.

HAY is rather more active, prices ranging at 60@70c for 100 lbs for good Timothy.

HEMP. The stock is nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers, and the market is firm but quiet, a sale of 25 tons American dressed was made on terms kept private, said to be at an advance.

HOPS continue dull, with small sales of new at 30@35c ₱ lb.

IRON—The market continues inactive, and prices the same, with a limited business to note in Pig Metal at about previous quotations, including a sale of No. 1 Anthracite at $17, cash, and 300 tons Old Rails and Bars sold part cash, part to Manufacturers from there is very little doing, and no changes to note.

LEAD is firm, and on the advance, with a reduced stock to operate in. We hear of no sales.

LUMBER continues dull. White Pine ranges at $15@18, and Yellow Pine at $12@13 ₱ M. Laths sell in lots as wanted at $1.15@1.25 ₱ M from the wharf.

MOLASSES—The market is firm but inactive, the high views of holders multiplied operations to a few small sales Cuba and Porto Rico, at full rates.

PLASTER—There is not much offering, and the sales are small, at $3.

RICE—There is little or no price here, and it is worth from 3@3½c ₱ lb.

SALT—The trade is, generally, is quiet, and closed out is selling in lots on arrival at $1.15@1.20 for the latter for prime. Of Timothy, sales of 40 bus are reported at $1.70@2 ₱ bbl, as in quality, and that depending on the weight. Of choice Pennsylvania, which is scarce, Fancied is more wanted, and selling freely on arrival at $1.25@1.30.

SPIRITS—There is very little movement in foreign, and no change to note. N. E. Rum is steady, with small sales at 27½@28c, and Whiskey some easier at 25c for fine to prime Western, which is scarce, at 26c in small lots, but the close is dull and nearly nominal.

SUGARS. The receipts and sales are very light and holders firm, but the market is quiet with sales of 300 hhds Cuba, mostly at 6½c, and 100 hhds, mostly taken on account of the trade, at the usual credit.

TALLOW is more active, and city rendered is held at 8c, without much doing; country nominal at 7½@8c ₱ lb.

WHISKEY—Prices rule the same as last week, at 26@26½c Pinenole, on terms kept private.

TOBACCO—There is very little business doing, in either leaf or manufactured, the want of stock and high views of holders keeping it down.

WOOL—The market continues unchanged and the advance, with but little sales to note, except a lot of 30,000 lbs Ohio Fleece, on terms kept private, and fine fleece in lots, with more limited sales, at 45@48c ₱ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supply of fleet Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2400 head. The prices ranged were from 6 to 7 cts ₱ lb. 50 Cows sold from $26 to 40 ₱ head. 12,000 Sheep were offered from 6 to 6½c ₱ lb. 1250 Hogs sold at from $5.00 to 5.25 ₱ cwt.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. EDWARD COMPTON, to Miss EMMA A. COMPTON, both of Morristown, N. J.

On the 8th of 10th mo., 1861, by Friends' ceremony, before Alex. Henry, Mayor of the city, ELI M. LAMB, to ANNA W. daughter of Francis S. Corkran, all of Baltimore county, Md.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, ANTHONY M. WILLIAMS, to HANNAH A. SEEBERTH, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. G. W. German, Mr. GEORGE CROMWELL, to Miss ELIZABETH WILLIAMS, both of this city.

At Hopkinton, N. H., Oct. 5d, 1861, by the Rt. Rev. Carlton Chase, D. D. assisted by the Rev. Francis Chase, C. THEODORE ROBERTS, of this city, to SARAH C. daughter of H. H. Greene, of the former place.

On Tuesday evening, 1st instant, by the Rev. Mr. Marship, Mr. CHARLES BARTLE, to Miss EMILY CLARK, both of this city.

On the 3d of Jan. by the Rev. J. E. Meredith, Mr. FRANCIS W. MITCHELL, to Miss EMMA COFFEE, both of this city.

DEATHS

☞ Notices of deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, MR. WM. FOWLER DICKENS, in his 86th year. 45 years a resident of this city.

On Saturday, the 5th instant, after a lingering illness, MRS. ELIZA WARNER, widow of the late Jacob Whartenby, in her 65d year.

On the afternoon of the 3d instant, GEORGE KNOX, Esq.

On the 8th instant, ISABELLA GORMAN, aged 21 years.

On the 8th instant, EDWARD KENNEY, Sr. in his 80th year.

On the 7th instant, WILLIAM KERSHAW, in his 21st year.

On the 5th instant, MRS. RUTH SCOTT, aged 92 years.

On the 6th instant, LOUISA H. wife of Caleb S. Wright.

On the evening of the 4th instant, MARY ANN, wife of Saml. E. Young, aged 26 years.

On the morning of the 7th instant, MRS. HARRIET T. KELLY, aged 51 years.

On the 6th instant, MRS. ELIZABETH BOYD, in her 61st year.

On the 7th instant, MARTHA, wife of Malcolm J. Weldener, in her 35th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, October 12, 1861.

Alabama	80 dis.	Missouri	5 dis.
Arkansas	40 dis.	Nebraska	10 dis.
Connecticut	2 dis.	New Brunswick	½ dis.
Delaware	2 dis.	New Hampshire	½ dis.
District of Columbia	2 dis.	New Jersey	par to ¼ dis.
Florida	5 dis.	New York City	¼ dis.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	30 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	25 dis.
Indiana	¼ dis.	Pennsylvania	¼ dis.
Iowa	5 dis.	Ohio	10 dis.
Kansas		Treasury notes par to	1 dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	½ dis.
Louisiana	25 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	1 to 2 dis.	Tennessee	50 dis.
Maryland	½ dis.	Texas	
Massachusetts	½ dis.	Vermont	½ dis.
Michigan	11 dis.	Virginia	2 dis.
Minnesota		Wisconsin	12 to 75 dis.
Mississippi			

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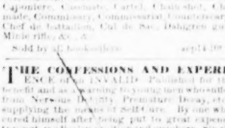

Webster's Dictionary excels in these, and has, among others, pictorial representations of the following:

Barbacan, Bastion, Battlement, Bar-shot, Block house, Bomb, Bomb-proof, Bomb-shell, Chevaux-de-frise, Coehorn, Counterscarp, Curtain, Demi-lune, Embrasure, Enfilade, Epaulement, Escarp, Fascine, Fleche, Fougade, Glacis, Gun-carriage, Gun-metal, Half-moon, Howitzer, Lines, Loop-hole, Magazine, Mantelet, Mortar, Musket, Parapet, Petard, Pontoon, Portcullis, Ravelin, Redan, Revetment, Rifle, Sap, Scarp, Sentry-box, Shell, Shot, Tenaille, Trench, Trunnion, Vedette, Wad.

No other English Dictionary published in this country has a tenth part of these illustrations.

Definitions of Military Terms.

As, the foregoing and Abatis, Abutment, Ambuscade, Amunition, Banquette, Bivouac, Breast of Cannon, Caisson, Camisade, Cantonment, Cartridge, Casemate, Chamade, Chevaux-de-frise, Commissary, Commissariat, Commissary, Chief de battalion, Col. de Sec., Dahigren gun, Mine, Officer, &c., &c.

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They relieve a Cough instantly.

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HAVE YOU ASTHMA or PHTHISIS?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, which will overcome the spasmodic contraction of the wind tubes, and cause them to eject the mucous or matter which clogs them up, and by an easy and free expectoration, remove all difficulty of breathing.

HAVE YOU BRONCHITIS?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. This white spread disease, which may be generally described as an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the wind tubes or air vessels, spreading through every part of the lungs, is often mistaken for Consumption. The Expectorant subdues this inflammation, relieves the distending cough, pain, and difficulty of breathing, and, if the case is not of too long standing, will certainly produce a cure.

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Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. It cleanses the lungs from all irritating matters, while at the same time, it heals and invigorates them. Of all the remedies which have been offered the public for this dread disease, none have stood the test of time, or maintained so universal a popularity as the Expectorant. Thousands who have been given up by their physicians as incurable, have been restored to perfect health by its use, and their testimony most very conviction to all who read it.

HAVE YOU PLEURISY?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. By taking two or three doses in the early stages of the disease, in quick succession, and covering up warmly in bed, this preparation acts as a counterbalance to the disease, and subdues the inflammation at the outset.

HAVE YOU WHOOPING COUGH?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. There is no remedy which so effectually relieves this disease as the Expectorant. What parent can witness the sufferings of her children from this distressing complaint, without flying all to her power for their relief? What medicine so pleasant to the taste, or so certain to produce immediate benefit? Give it a trial then, and let it prove its efficacy.

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They operate by their influence on the nervous system, and the remarkable sympathy which exists between it and the stomach and liver. By this sympathy, when the nerves of the stomach are affected, the liver and other digestive organs are immediately involved in the disorder. Hence arise Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Jaundice, Colic, Nausea, Costiveness, Indigestion, Want of Appetite, Low Spirits, Nervousness, Blues, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pain in the Side, Back and Limbs, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera.

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HAVE YOU BRONC

Wit and Humor.

I WISH HE'D MAKE UP HIS MIND.

I wish he would make up his mind, ma,
For I don't care much longer to wait.
I'm sure I have hinted quite strongly
That I thought of changing my state.
For a sweetheart he's really so backward,
I can't bring him out, though I try.
I own that he's very good tempered,
But then he's so dreadfully shy!

When I speak about love and a cottage,
He gives me a look of surprise;
And if I but hint at a marriage,
He blushes quite up to his eyes;
I can't make him jealous—I've tried it—
And 'tis no use my being unkind,
For that's not the way, I'm certain,
To get him to make up his mind.

I've sung him love sonnets by dozens,
I've worked him both slippers and nose,
And we've walked by moonlight together,
Yet he never attempts to propose!
You must really ask his intention,
Or some other beau I must find,
For indeed I won't tarry much longer
For one who can't make up his mind.

"GO ON."

Brooklyn has acquired an unenviable reputation for its political squabbles. Some years since, not as far back as the days of the flood nor so recent as the fall of Sumter, there were two candidates of the Democratic stripe for the privilege of representing one of the districts in Congress. There was imminent danger that both would be allowed to remain quietly at home, and, to avert it, the wise men interested called a conference, which was duly held at one of the leading hotels. The presiding officer explained fully the object of the meeting, stating that the candidates had agreed to abide by whatever decision was arrived at, and for the purpose of learning which of the two had the strongest claims to the support of the party, a free interchange of views was necessary. Among those present was one old gentleman whose volubility was notorious, and, at the first opportunity, he took the floor, and advocated, to the best of his ability, the claims of the candidate of his choice. The speech, if not eloquent, was lengthy, and the orator's effort was extended by the persistent appeal of a gentleman seated next to him to "go on." At the conclusion of his speech, he sat down amid profound silence. No one seemed disposed to controvert his views. Again the old gentleman took the floor, and again he reiterated all that his friend had done for the party, and each time he attempted to resume his seat the encouraging words of "go on," "go on," saluted his ears; but, in spite of all he said, he could not induce a man on the opposite side to utter a word. He monopolized the talking until the wearied listeners called for a vote, which resulted in the defeat of the much be-praised aspirant for office.

"Well, Mr. ———, you have killed your candidate," said the man who had appeared so desirous to keep the old gentleman talking.

"Killed him! What do you mean?"

"Mean? *Why, thats gas talked him to death.*"

"Why, you ——— fool, you told me to talk, didn't you?"

"Certainly, but then I *wanted* you to kill off ——— and I knew that the only way to do it was to keep you talking."

And thus the hopes of one gentleman, who wished to write M. C. to his name, were blasted, and he holds his lucky adversary his enemy—political, not social—to this day.—*N. Y. Sat. Eve. Courier.*

SCOTCH HUMOR.

A splenetic Englishman said to a Scotch countryman, something of a wag, that no man of taste would think of remaining any time in such a country as Scotland. To which the canny Scot replied—

"Tastes differ, I've tak'en to a place, no far frae Sterling, where the six thousand o' yer countrymen ha' been for five hunder years, an' I've nae thocht o' leavin yet."

A north country drover had, however, a more tangible opportunity of gratifying his national animosity against the southern, and of which he availed himself. Returning homewards, after a somewhat unsuccessful journey, and not in a very good humor with the Englishman, when passing through Carlisle, he saw a notice stuck up, offering a reward of £50 for any one who would do a piece of service to the community by officiating as executioner of the law on a noted criminal then under sentence of death. Seeing a chance to make up for his bad market, and comforted with the assurance that he was unknown there, he undertook the office, hanged the rogue, and got the fee. When moving off with the money, being twitted as a thrau beggarly Scot, doing for money what no *Englishman* would, he replied, with a grim and quiet glee—

"I'll hang ye's' at the price."

A CONSCIENTIOUS SERVANT.—The late Dr Marshall Hall had for a friend and next neighbor at Nottingham Archdeacon Wilkins. This gentleman was engaged in the authorship of a well-known work, called "Body and Soul," and had sent to Dr. Hall some of the proof sheets for perusal. Dr M. Hall having retained these longer than was convenient, Dr. Wilkins facetiously wrote a note to the following effect. "Dear Dr Hall.—Do send me back my body and soul; I cannot exist any longer without them." The note was given to Dr. Hall's man servant, whose curiosity led him to press its sides, so as to be able to read its contents. Let it was long before the modern fashion of envelopes. He rushed, agitated, into the kitchen, exclaiming, "Cook, I cannot live any longer with the doctor!" "Why, what's the matter?" "Matter enough," replied the man; "our master has got Dr. Wilkins's *body and soul*, and I have too much regard for my character to stay where there are such goings on."

SHARP LITTLE BOY.—"Oh! I say, Pa! I know something—I do."

PA'S (encouragingly).—"Well, Charley, what is it?"

SHARP LITTLE BOY.—"Ah! I know why Cousin Tom and Sister Maria won't eat onion sauce! But I won't tell, 'cause Cousin Tom 'll lick me."

WHAT HE WOULD LIKE.—As Deacon Adams, on an extremely cold morning in the old times, was riding by the house of neighbor Potter, the latter was chopping wood. The usual salutations were exchanged, the severity of the weather briefly discussed, and the horseman made demonstrations of passing on, when his neighbor detained him with—"Don't be in a hurry, deacon. Wouldn't you like a glass of old Jamaica this morning?" "Thank you kindly," said the old gentleman at the same time beginning to dismount with all the deliberation becoming a deacon. "I don't care if I do." "Ah, don't trouble yourself to get off, deacon," said the neighbor, "I merely asked for information. We haven't a drop in the house." The deacon sighed, mounted his horse, and rode off.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.—Lord Chief Justice Holt, when a young man, was very dissipated, and belonged to a club of wild fellows, most of whom took no infamous course of life. When his lordship was engaged at the Old Bailey a man was convicted of highway robbery, whom the Judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Moved by curiosity, Holt, thinking the fellow did not know him, asked what had become of his old associates. The culprit, making a low bow, and fetching a deep sigh, replied—

"Ah, my lord, they are all hanged but your lordship and I."

ANECDOTE OF LORD BROUGHAM.—A young barrister, who was rather given to brow-beating, had a favorite mode of mortifying a witness, by saying—

"Well, sir, I shall only ask you one question, and I do not care which way you answer it."

Mr. Brougham, who was on the same circuit, accosted his friend one morning as follows—

"Well, I have only question to ask you, and I do not care which way you answer it. How do you do to-day?"

BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.

Rev. Mr Barnes, in his sermon on "Life at Three score," illustrates the magnitude of eternal things as he approaches the end of life, compared with those which ordinarily occupy the attention of mankind, by the following beautiful figure.

The earth, as it moves in its orbit from year to year, maintains its distance of ninety-five millions of miles from the sun; and the sun, at its rising or its setting, seems at all times to be of the same magnitude. To human view an object always small as compared with our world. But suppose the earth should leave its orbit and make its way in a direct line toward the sun. How soon would the sun seem to enlarge to immensity! How soon would it fill the whole field of vision, and all the earth dwindle to nothing!

So human life appears to me. In early years eternity appeared distant and small in importance. But at the period of life which I have now reached, it seems to me as if the earth had left the orbit of its annual movements, and was making a rapid and direct flight to the sun. The objects of eternity toward which I am moving rapidly enlarge themselves. They have become overpoweringly bright and great.

HOME.—A home! It is the bright, blessed, adorable phantom which sits highest on the sunny horizon that gladdens life. Who shall it be reached? It is not the house, though that may have its charms; nor the field, carefully tilled, and streaked with your own footprints, nor the trees, though their leaves be to you like that of a "green tree in a weary land;" nor yet is it the fireside, with cushioned comfort, nor the pictures which old or loved ones, nor the books, but more than all these, it is the presence! The altar of your confidence is there, and admitting to it, and sending your blood in passionate flow, to the ecstacy of the conviction that there, at least, you are beloved; that there you are understood; that there your errors will meet ever with gentle forgiveness; that there you may unburden your soul, fearless of harsh, unsympathizing ears; and there you may be entirely and joyfully yourself!

MITHER, BLAME ME NOT FOR LOVING.

Mither, blame me not for loving;
Wherefore this sae cruel be?
'Deed I canna frown on Jamie
When he comes a wooing me.

Though your counting days are over,
You those days remember still;
Know, too, that at length when married,
'Twas not, Mither, 'gainst your will;
Would you wish your daughter happy,
You can now that bliss import:
Force me not my hand to give, then,
Where I cannot give my heart.
Then, Mither, blame me not for loving;
Wherefore thus sae cruel be?
'Deed I canna frown on Jamie
When he comes a wooing me.

THE TOOLS GREAT MEN WORK WITH.

It is not tools that make the workmen, but the trained skill and perseverance of the man himself. Indeed it is proverbial that the bad workman never yet had a good tool. Some one asked Opie by what wonderful process he mixed his colors. "I mix them with my brains, sir," was his reply. It is the same with every workman who would excel. Ferguson made marvellous things—such as his wooden clock, that actually measured the hours by means of a common penknife, a tool in everybody's hand, but then everybody is not a Ferguson. A pan of water and two thermometers were the tools by which Dr Black discovered latent heat; and a prism, a lens, and a sheet of pasteboard enabled Newton to unfold the composition of light and the origin of color. An eminent foreign artist once called upon Dr Wollaston, and requested to be shown over his laboratories, in which science had been enriched by so many important discoveries, when the Doctor led him into a little study, and, pointing to an old deal table, on which lay a few watch glasses, test papers, a small balance, and a blow pipe, said, "There is all the laboratory I have." Stothard learned the art of enriching colors by closely studying butterflies' wings; he would often say that no one knew what he owed to those tiny insects. A burnt stick and a barb feather served Wilkie to final pencil and canvas. Bewick first practised drawing on the cottage walls of his native village, which he covered with his sketches in chalk; and Benjamin West made his first brushes out of the cat's tail. Ferguson laid himself down in the fields at night in a blanket, and made a map of the heavenly bodies by means of a thread with small beads on it, stretched between his eye and the stars. Franklin first robbed the thunder cloud of its lightning, by means of a kite made with two cross sticks and a silk handkerchief. Watt made his first model of the condensing steam engine out of an old anatomist's syringe, used to inject the arteries previous to dissection; Arkwright worked his first problem in mathematics, when a cobbler's apprentice, upon small strapped leather, which he beat smooth for the purpose, while Richardson, the astronomer, first calculated eclipses on his plough handle.

THE WISDOMER.—The mouth of a man's wife is like cutting down an ancient oak that was long shadowed the family mansion, to procure the glass of the world, with its cares and vexations, falls upon that old widower's heart, and there is nothing to break its force, or shield him from the full weight of misfortune. It is as if his right hand was withered, as if one wing were broken, and every movement that he made brought him to the ground. His eyes are deprived of their gloss and when the film of death has come into his misses those accustomed tones which have smoothed his passage to the grave.—*Lamartine.*

☞ A Confederate letter writer in Missouri says that the German troops are "very unattractive in their appearance." No doubt when they are attacked they will be found terribly repulsive.

THE SCOTCH MUSIC MASTER.—A Highland piper, having a scholar to teach, disdained to crack his brains with the name of semibreves, minims, crotchets, and quavers. "Here, Donald," said he, "tak' yer pipes, lad, and gie us a blast. So, verra weel blawn, indeed; but what's a sound, Donald, without sense? You may blaw for ever without making a tune o't, if I dinna tell you how the queer things on the paper maun help you. You see that big fellow, wi' a round, open face (pointing to a semibreve between two lines of a bar,) he moves slowly from that line to this, while ye beat ane wi' your fist and gie a long blast; if, now, ye put a leg to him ye mak' twa o' him, and he'll move twice as fast; an' if ye black his face, he'll run four times faster than the fellow wi' the white face; but if, after blacking his face, ye'll bend his knee, or tie his leg, he'll hop eight times faster than the white-faced chap I showed you first. Now, whene'er you blaw your pipes, Donald, remember this—that the tighter those fellow's legs are tied, the faster they'll run, and the quicker they're sure to dance."

Agricultural.

CUTTING THE TAILS OF CATTLE.

A man lately wrote to John Johnston to get his opinion in regard to the practice of cutting or slitting the tails of cattle. Mr. Johnston sent the letter and his own answer to the Rural New Yorker. As the correspondence may interest some of our readers, we copy it. The following is the letter of inquiry:—

"I would like your opinion in regard to the practice common in many portions of the country, of cutting or slitting the tails of cattle. Do you consider it beneficial, injurious, or useless, and, if either, will you be kind enough to give me your reasons? Do you ever practice it?—if so, at any special period of the year, and your method of doing it? Would you advise me to do it at this time of the year, if you approve of it at all? I have forty three year-old steers in fine condition, and not fancying the practice, did not operate on them in the spring, but have been urgently advised to do so by several friends. It demands on your time and patience are not too great, I should be very glad of your opinion."

To which Mr. Johnston replies as follows:

"Bleeding cattle in spring, either by neck, vein, or by cutting their tails, has been practiced by many stock keepers ever since I remember anything, and that is over sixty years. I have owned and kept cattle all of forty years, but never made a practice of bleeding any animal unless it was sick, as I consider the wholesale bleeding of cattle in spring useless and barbarous. What would you think of the man who would cull in his mind's impression every spring and save his whole family died, yet that would be no more absurd than the indiscriminate bleeding of his cattle every spring. If men would always do by their domestic animals as they would wish to be done by if they were in their place, with regard to feeding during the winter and spring, they would not think they required bleeding in spring in order to make them thrive. The practice must have originated in the dark ages, and has nearly become obsolete, as not one in twenty, or I might say fifty, bleeds his cattle now unless sick, while forty years ago a vast majority did. I think they must also have given up that practice in both England and Scotland, as I have seen of it from the latest importations from my native country."

A NEW ARTICLE FOR TANNING.—A species of what is called sweet clover was introduced into this country several years since under the name of Bokhara, or tree clover. It is the white flowered melilotus of botanists. Wonderful statements were made of its value as a forage plant, but it proved not to be valuable for this purpose. It is said that G. W. Hatch, of Princeton, Ill., has lately patented a process for tanning with an extract of this plant. He claims that leather tanned by this article is superior to any other. It is said that the plant in a dried state is worth $20 a ton, for the purpose indicated.

Useful Receipts.

GROUND RICE CAKE.—Break five eggs into a stew pan, which place in another, containing hot water; whip the eggs for ten minutes till very light, then mix in by degrees half a pound of ground rice, six ounces of powdered sugar; beat it well; any flavor may be introduced; pour into the buttered pan and bake half an hour.—*Soyer.*

PASTRY CREAM.—Break two eggs in a pan, add two tablespoonsful of flour, a pinch of salt; moisten with a pint and a half of milk; set on the fire, boil twenty minutes, or till it assumes a thickish smooth consistency, then add two ounces of powdered sugar, one of butter; put in either a little orange flower water or a drop of any essence you choose, grated orange or lemon peel. One dozen of bruised ratafias will be an improvement, put in at the same time as the sugar. Previous to using, add to the cream one ounce of butter, which you have previously made very hot. This may be used for all kinds of pastry, instead of cream.—*Soyer.*

COMMON GINGERBREAD.—Put on a slab or table a pound of flour, make a ring of it; put half a pint of treacle in, mix well together till forming a stiff paste, working it well. Put some flour in a basin, to which add your dough; it will keep tons for seven or eight weeks. When you want to use it, put in any quantity of ground ginger you require, according to taste; mix well, roll thin, cut any size you like; pieces about the size of a crown are best; then put them on a baking sheet, and bake for a few minutes, till crisp. These cakes will keep a long while if put in an air tight case. An ounce of butter may be used to every pound of paste. They are excellent to assisting digestion after dinner.—*Soyer's Standard Cookery for the People.*

MOUNTAIN GINGERBREAD.—6 cups flour, 2 do. butter, 2 do. sugar, 2 do molasses, 4 eggs, 1 tea-cup ginger, 1 teaspoonful soda, 2 tartaric acid. This is a butter, and if baked in a Tuck's head, or bread pan, keeps a long time, and is very nice.

A VERY CELEBRATED COLOGNE WATER.—6 drachms of oil of lemon, do. bergamot, 3 do. lavender, 10 drops cinnamon, 20 drops cloves, 4 drachm rosemary, 40 drops neroli, 20 drops rose, 2 drachms tincture of musk, 6 pints desolorized alcohol. Shake up well; let it stand 4 hours.

VINE CULTURE IN CALIFORNIA.

Vine culture in California is about to receive important aid from the state. Under a concurrent resolution of the Legislature, the Governor has appointed three commissioners who are to have charge of the matter. One of them is to make a tour of all the vine growing countries of Europe, for the purpose of collecting a large number of the best varieties of vines and trees and taking them into California for distribution among the citizens. As all previous experiments in this department of horticulture have failed, because of the injury received by foreign plants on the voyage, it is the intention to employ on the steamer one or more gardeners, whose duty it shall be to watch, air and water the vines and trees. Very delicate plants will be set out in pots filled with sand, on the vessel's deck. It is also the design of the commissioners to make a special effort to induce and form emigration companies from the vine growing districts to settle in California, and also to make arrangements with capitalists in France in purchasing grapes from the producers, and making them into wine, brandy, and champagne, to establish houses in different parts of the golden state to purchase the grape grown therein, to manufacture them into wine and to erect a bottle manufactory. The plan suggested for raising the money to carry out the enterprise is, to divide the people of California into four classes, each person of the first to pay $500, the second $400, the third $50, and the fourth $25, in consideration for which subscription to the fund every subscriber is to receive a designated share of the vines, trees, and plants to be imported, the shares to be proportioned to the sum paid by each.

Each person paying $25 shall receive twenty five varieties of choice vines, two cuttings of each; among them shall be the seedless Sultana raisin, the currant, the celebrated Madeira and mammoth Palestine, two paper shell almonds, one of Smyrna and the other of Italy, two oranges of choice variety, two lemons, two olives, two figs, two large Italian chestnuts, two pomegranates, and a bound volume of the report, which will contain full instructions for the making and fermenting of wine as it is done in the different countries, also the manner in which Champagne and Cognac brandy is made; showing the mode of curing and packing raisins, figs, and currants, pickling olives, making olive oil, drying and curing the celebrated Mecklenburg fruit, preserving grapes and other fruits in cans.

FARM PRACTICES.—J. J. Thomas, of the Country Gentleman, in "Sketches of Cayuga County Farming," gives some interesting points connected with the management of Levi Colvin. He thinks sheep are one of the first requisites of profitable farming, and that every farmer should keep one sheep for every acre of land he cultivates. He thinks wheat after oats will produce five bushels less per acre than if following peas, and five less after peas than summer fallow. In planting corn he discards the notion that the grains should be scattered in the hill, and prefers leaving them in contact with each other. His reasons for this course are, that when scattered in the hill the stalks grow up parallel, closely together, and the crop is diminished by the want of room between the ears. When dropped in contact, the stalks begin to diverge as soon as they are up, and finally spread far apart, affording ample room. He is so confident that this is the best way, that he is "ready to give any man a good horse" who will try the experiment fairly, by a row of each, side by side, and not find more corn on the row treated as he proposes. What are the observations of our readers on this point?

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 6, 2, 4, 11, 13, 21, is one of the muses.
My 22, 10, 11, is the god of the sun.
My 1, 2, 20, 18, 9, is one of the Titans.
My 19, 10, 5, 15, 7, 14, 9, are three sisters.
My 20, 13, 17, 16, 5, 12, 4, is the goddess of wisdom.
My 8, 11, 7, 5, 21, is the goddess of flowers.
My whole is a pleasing exercise.

Newport, R. I. CHAS. COTTRELL.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The night was dark, no twinkling star
Shone from the cloudy sky,
When o'er my first the soldiers went
To conquer or to die.

Brave men were they, and good and true
To their flag on land and sea,
Without my next they full well know
No one a soldier good could be.

Of every grade these men were found,
From farm, and shop, and mill;
And some there were with sinews strong,
Who used my third with skill.

They met the foe and many fell—
In death their lips were sealed.
But with my whole they bravely drove
The enemy from the field.

Warren, Vermont. HARP DAVIS.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entire you'll see the fixed price I tell
Of those who buy or those who sell.
Behead me, and you will find I am
The preterite of having devoured your jam.
Curtail me and a tail I instantly carry,
Infesting rivers, sheds, sewers, and alley.
Read me now backwards, and then you will see
That I am procured from the pine and fir tree.
My tail replace which you have shorn,
And I a weed am that's found with corn.
Cut off my head, put my tail in its place,
And you'll find I'm not very far from your face.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A desert in Africa.
A group of islands east of Asia.
A town in Thibet.
The sign of the subjunctive mood.
A town in Hanover.
A range of mountains in Asia.
That which remains.
One of the United States.

The initials form a desert. The finals where situated. S. S. LAIRD.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man has a piece of land to fence, and wishes to fence it with rails 11 feet long and four rails to the fence. There are as many acres as rails. How many acres are there, and how many rails will it take to fence it? O. H. S.

Minneapolis, Min.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The interest of the sum of ⅛ of A's, and ⅝ of B's fortune, for a *certain* time, at 2 per cent., was to *that sum* as 9 to 250. And the amount of *this interest* for 25 times as long, at 10 times as great a per cent. was $180.

What was each of their fortunes, providing A's fortune was to B's as 1 to 3, and how long was the first on interest?

A BOY 12 years of age.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When do broken bones begin to make themselves useful? Ans.—When they begin to *knit.*

☞ Why does a sailor know there is a man in the moon? Ans.—Because he has been to sea (see.)

☞ What is the principal difference between a pic-nic and the national debt of England? One is *fun alive*, and the other is *funded.*

☞ A Hard Cog.—Why is this conundrum like a ghost? Ans.—Because everybody has to "give it up."

☞ If flesh is grass, when should we prepare for mowing? In the *hay day* of our youth.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—"If thou seek" est a beautiful peninsula, behold it here." CHARADE—Shadow. (Shad oh.) DOUBLE REBUS—Behour in Asia (Bari, Elphin, Lena, Orienta, Oronti, Riga.)

Answer to PROBLEM, by J. F. Humes, published April 27. The length of rope required is 90,055512 feet.

Answer to S. C. Hope's PROBLEM, published May 11. The required interest is $26.08.

Answer to TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM, by Thomas H. Patton, published May 11. The ship's bottom was 204.225 feet from the bottom of the wall.

Answer to my PROBLEM in the Post of August 10. The sides of the triangle are 21, 28, and 35 feet. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Wrentham, Venango Co., Pa.

Answer to ARITHMETICAL QUESTION, by J. Simmons, published Sept. 14. 7 chickens. Artemas Martin, Ida Maria Gilbert, and Richardson Vasey.

SOLUTION TO CHARADE.

A King who had no earthly head, a letter once did write;
To read it at a foreign Court, his Envoy lost his sight.
The Press, though Dumb, when printing it, revealed every word,
And *Loaf* was the man's name, I guess, who listened and who heard.

J. E. WALL.